

THE WAR CRY



AN OFFICIAL GAZETTE OF THE SALVATION ARMY IN CANADA, NORTH-WEST AMERICA, AND NEWFOUNDLAND.

18th Year. No. 39

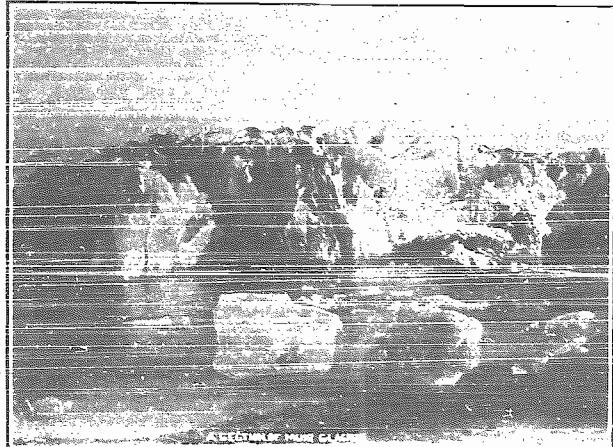
WILLIAM BOOTH,
General

TORONTO, JUNE 28, 1902.

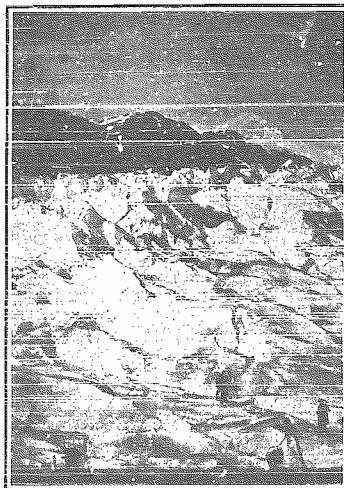
EVANGELINE BOOTH
Commissioner

Price, 5 Cents.

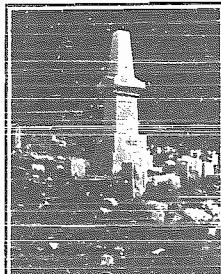
VIEW OF THE LAND OF THE MIDNIGHT SUN.—(See Article)



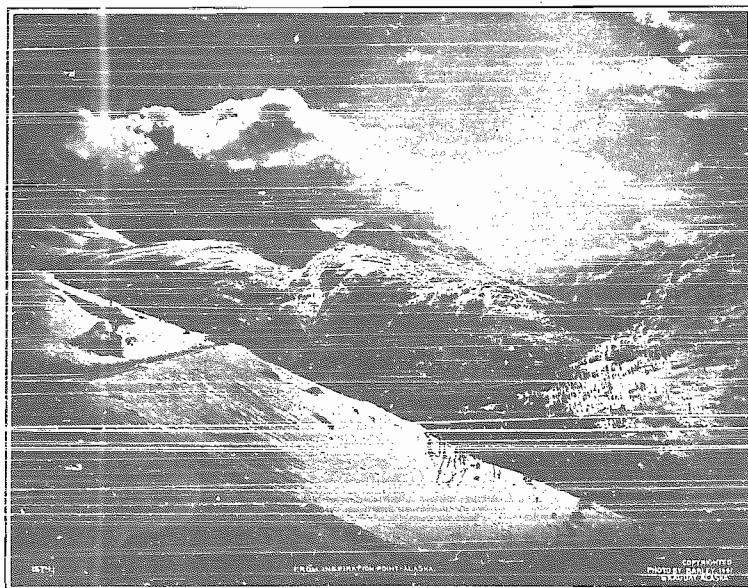
Muir Glacier, Alaska.



Davidson Glacier, near Skagway, Alaska.

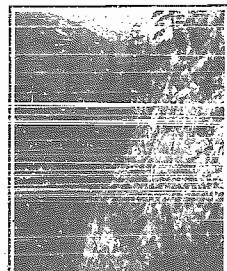


The Monument to the Memory of Frank Reid, in the Cemetery of Skagway, Alaska.



Looking South from Inspiration Point, Alaska, Towards the Lynn Canal.

The Background of the Cemetery.



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Our Missionary Fields

INDIA.

"It is generally thought," says Brigadier Venkatesan of South India, "that the Pulus, belonging to a semi-caste of the Malayalam country, has little intelligence; this is a great mistake. The testimonies I heard in a recent meeting were remarkable. One heathen convert told us that when the Army first came he was quite indifferent—a drunkard and a thief—but his wife went to the meeting, and eventually got converted. Then she started to pray for him. He became interested, and went to see for himself, which ended in his also getting saved. He said his heart was changed, and he had got deliverance from sin."

"A woman who had walked four miles to be present, was asked whether her husband was there also. She replied by saying that her husband was a devil-dancer, and added that she was praying for his salvation. When she first went to the meetings he beat her; but, having found salvation, she felt she ought to continue to attend. Her faithfulness and consistency are evidently telling upon him. 'For,' said she, 'he does not beat me so much now.'"

The following incidents give further evidence of the devotion and sincerity of our Indian soldiery:

A girl who was staying in our school at Thirukkudal, and who gave promise of being very clever and well-bred, was attacked one morning with cholera, and although all human aid was given, it soon became evident that she could not recover. She said that she had no fear, as she was only going to her God. She died the same night. Her father is a beautifully-saved soldier. When an officer went to console with him, he said, "It is like saying good-night to her; I shall meet her again in the Morning."

A Local Officer, a fine man in the prime of life, said, "Don't give me any more medicine; I am dying, but I have no fears; I am trusting in Jesus, but (turning to his brother), you must look after my children, and always be true to God and the Army."

In connection with our hospital in South India, Adj't. (Dr.) Turner has recently started a Medical Class, with six students, all of whom are officers—five natives and one Swede.

The hospital maintains its popularity, and signs are not wanting that an impression is being made by it on the high-caste people who attend for treatment. A rich Sudra (the headman of a large village) recently invited the Medical and Territorial Staff to dinner. After providing them with dinner the officers retired to a large room, and his friends were admitted. He then told us that he had invited us not merely out of gratitude, but because he wished us to understand he was in sympathy with our work. He understood that our business was making bad people into good people. He could testify to the changed lives of some of our converts. He prayed God that not only might we continue to be a blessing, but that we might ourselves be blessed. He had once thought General Booth to be an ordinary man, but he now looked upon him as a divine man.

Coming as this statement did from such an influential man, and being given in the presence of his fellow-people, it could not fail to produce a big impression.

In a village in South India, which had been practically free from cholera, although the epidemic was very prevalent in surrounding villages, the people are putting in, at their own expense, a new concrete floor in the barracks as a thank-offering to God for having preserved them from the scourge.—English Cry.

You cannot sop up the sins of the week with a solemn face on Sunday.

You cannot take God by one hand unless you take your brother by the other.

Canada's Drink Bill,

COMPARED WITH OTHER LEADING EXPENDITURES OF THE DOMINION'S POPULACE.

Liquor	\$32,562,813
Iron and Steel Manufactures	27,000,000
Meat	22,475,000
Bread	21,675,000
Woolen Goods	21,100,000
Sawed Lumber	19,797,000
Boots and Shoes	18,000,000
Cotton Goods	13,803,000
Sugar and Molasses	9,767,000
Schools	8,000,000
Christian Missions	6,000,000

These figures and spaces show that the Canadian people spend more for intoxicating drinks than for any other class of manufacture; \$11,000,000 more for liquor than for bread or woolen goods. They spend more for drinks than for all the lumber they annually use for building their houses, and barns, and fences, and for making their furniture; more than twice as much for alcohol as for cottons; more than three times as much as for sugar; and while they spend \$8,000,000 for education, they spend four times as much for drink. The drink bill of the Dominion is twelve millions in excess of the entire assessable property, real and personal, of Halifax! The direct cost for the maintenance of prisons and asylums, and the loss of labor, is another item in the drink bill of the country, which would swell the total financial loss caused by the liquor traffic to an even more enormous sum, and the financial loss after all is the smallest evil of the whole business.

One million dollars' worth of distilled liquor gives employment to but 110 men, and pays but \$46,566 in wages, whereas every million dollars' worth of useful articles yields employment to 1,530 hands, and expends in wages \$18,544.—Ex.

Must a Woman Always Keep Silence in Church?

(We reprint herewith a very sensible answer given to an oft-repeated question, by the Sunday School Times.—Ed.)

A question that has been in discussion among Christians for at least eighteen centuries is whether it is ever proper for women to teach or speak in public. On this point intelligent and well-mind Christians have never agreed. As to whether they are likely to agree in the next eighteen centuries, intelligent Christians differ widely. Here comes a Christian woman in Kansas who is troubled because one commentator has a positive opinion on the subject:

"I have been reading the words of a commentator on 1 Cor. xiv. 34, 35 and 1 Tim. ii. 11, 12, on which he makes a statement like this: 'Spiritually-minded persons, who rightly understand truth and duty, will know that the directions given by Paul about women keeping silent in the church are commands of God, which all should obey.' Surely he cannot mean such women as Miss Willard, Mrs. Booth, Miss Alice Bryant Condit, M.D., women Sunday School Teachers, missionaries, and active members of the Christian Endeavor Societies, are working in disobedience to God's revealed will and commandments! I shall be very thankful to you for an answer in your Notes on Open Letters."

There is no error in the Christian Church which cannot be found advocated by some prominent commentator; or, therefore, there is no force in the fact that a commentator says a certain thing. The real question is, What ought a wise commentator to say? We know that ordinary women are allowed no such prominence before the public in the East as is accorded to them in the world of the West. Yet we know that exceptional women in the East have been given, on occas-

ions, as great power among men in government, as for at least forty centuries, as ever among Christians of the West. What Paul really meant, in view of local practices and prejudices, and therefore of temporary forbearance, cannot be sure; but we can be sure that Paul had no intention of saying that God had been at fault in what He authorized or approved in former times or later. We know that Miriam was inspired to teach and to lead Israel in public praise in the beginning of Israel's new life. We know that Deborah was chosen of God to be a leader and a judge in Israel in olden time. In the Christian dispensation, inspired Philip had four daughters who were inspired to teach. Priscilla was a prominent Christian teacher, capable of instructing Apollos. On this it is certain, Paul approved of women whom God had inspired for doing God's work in God's way (see Acts xvi. 13; xviii. 26; Rom. xvi. 3; 1 Cor. xii. 10; 2 Tim. iv. 19). If the commentator does not understand, or cannot explain it, he is a poor, incompetent commentator. The Bible is a safer guide for Christian women than the uninspired commentator, however prominent he may be.

A pretty sure test of whether a cake is done is to touch it gently with the finger. If your touch leaves a dint in the cake it is not baked; if the crust springs back it is ready to take from the oven.

In trimming a horseradish hump, remove the charred part of the wick by plucking it off with a piece of paper. If the wick is frayed, even it with a sharp pair of scissors.

To clean linoleum take equal parts of cottonseed oil and sharp vinegar, and rub well with a flannel rag. If the linoleum is very dirty, first wash it with soap and water, or water to which a little turpentine has been added. Washing soda should not be used on linoleum, because it readily attacks oil and paint, of which this floor covering is chiefly made.

This and That.

A pound of sugar is one pint, and an ounce of liquid is two table-spoonfuls and a pint of liquid weighs sixteen ounces.

Silver spoons that have become discolored from contact with cooked eggs, may be easily brightened with common salt. Coal gas, and the near presence of rubber in any form will cause silver to tarnish. One of the best receipts for silver cutlery is to wrap them in a canton flannel blanket case tucked to a cupboard door.

In cleaning paint spots that will not yield to soap, try a damp cloth, wet in strong soda water and rub lightly.

A sponge may be cleaned by letting it be covered in milk for twelve hours, and then rinsing it in cold water.

Glass may be cut with a chisel if kept constantly wet with camphor gum dissolved in spirits of turpentine.

White flat-irons do not heat well turn large dishpan over them.

For the cloth moth take special pains to clean thoroughly each crack and groove. Buy at the druggist's a few ounces of the oil of red cedar. With a small brush, such as artists use, apply the oil of cedar to all cracks and grooves—bed-boards, and beams, and to the tops of doors and the base boards, closets, etc., around the edges of the floors. Use very little of the oil. There must not be enough to soil anything that comes in contact with the treated surface. This treatment will make closets, boxes, etc., moth-proof for some time, and if closed at once the contents will be perfectly safe through the summer and fall.

When a carpet comes to be laid afresh, the colors are apt to look as something dingy, and certainly not so bright as was expected. To remedy this use a handful of warm water containing two or three table-spoonfuls of household ammonia and a soft flannel, and two fresh cloths for rubbing the carpet dry after it has been washed with the first flannel and water. It must be remembered that certain greens will not bear ammonia; in such cases, clear warm water will freshen and help the carpet very much.

When a steel gets rusty, cover it with sweet oil well rubbed on; next day rub again with finely-powdered unslaked lime until all rust disappears.

The air in a damp cellar may be made drier and purer, by placing in it an open box containing fresh lime.

To mend china mix together equal parts of fine glue, white of an egg, and white lead, and with it paint the edges of the article to be mended. Press them together until hard and dry, and then scrape off the cement that sticks above the joint.

If the hair is falling out, rub the pulp of a lemon on the scalp.

Ink stains may be removed from white goods by rubbing promptly with slices of lemon.

Alum water will restore almost any faded colors, if put into the rinsing water after the goods are washed.

When it is possible to prepare any part of a dish the day before in a leisurely way, do so. One can never guess how busy the next day may be.

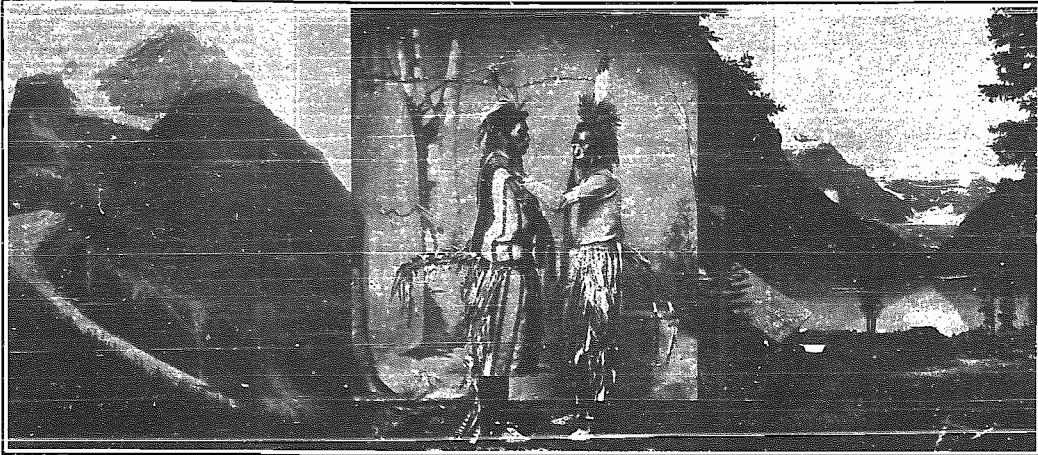
To clear the premises of rats, place freshly-slated lime in their runways.

Newspapers soaked in a solution made of cayenne pepper and water, and thrust into the mice-holes will free the house of mice.

Sift graham flour before using to bread of muffins. Unless it is an unusually fine flour, it holds too much bran for the human stomach.

Thick soup is only permissible in a dinner where there is either no meat, or a very light made-over meat dish. A thick cream soup is a substantial first course in itself.

Even in tomato soup, which holds neither milk nor cream, it is best to add a pinch of soda. There will surely be butter in this soup, and butter will be the best in the soup, for it contains the same properties as cream. Add the soda to the soup just before the blending of butter and flour.



East side of Mt. Stephen, showing edge of Glacier.

Apistoon and Akano, Sarcee Indians.

Lake Louise, near Laggan, Rockies.

Recollections of the Far West.

BEING A COLLECTION OF GRAVE AND GAY INCIDENTS OF THE RECENT REMARKABLE TOUR OF THE COMMISSIONER AND THE RED KNIGHTS OF THE CROSS.

(By Wm. Othrem.)

The Western Tour of the Commissioner and the Red Knights of the Cross, once looked-for with keen anticipation, and stretching out over a period of ten weeks, is now a thing of the past, but not that all the memory of tens of thousands who thronged our buildings, and the hundreds who lined our penitent forms.

A Few Facts and Figures.

The tour began March 25th, and ended June 5th. It covered at its longest journey over 8,000 miles, and included ninety meetings, aggregating a total indoor attendance of over thirty thousand people, and showing visible results in 350 men and women coming forward for purity and pardon. These figures need no comment.

Railroad Accidents.

A railroad accident nearly promoted the Commissioner and party of three to Glory, at the beginning of the tour. Our speed saved us in cutting clear through a freight train standing across the line, preventing the passenger cars being telescoped by a sudden stoppage of the engine. Another railway accident delayed the party from being at Fargo, as announced, and a third accident on a preceding train delayed us on our homeward journey for about three hours.

The Needs of the Inner Man.

"Garry," with the nose-ache of "Auntie" and Capt. Russell, looked after the meals when traveling. To their credit be it said that they managed to supply very nice meals at little expense. At any rate, the fact that several Red Knights weighed from ten to fifteen pounds more on their return than at the beginning of the tour, speaks well for the caterers.

A Butte of Miss Booth.

"At all three of the services held at the Auditorium yesterday by the Red Knights of the Cross the hall was filled to its capacity, and even standing room was at a premium. Commissioner Evangeline Booth was the magnet which drew the great crowds, and she was certainly a butte beyond compare. In her address, bold and eloquent in delivery, Miss Booth throws her whole soul into her work. With a charming presence and a personality almost indescribable, she holds her hearers spellbound, and at the close of her remarks there exists a feeling of regret that she has finished. . . ."

And of the Meetings.

"A great ovation of which the local members of the Salvation Army and the visiting officials may well be proud was the meeting at the auditorium last evening. The spacious hall was taxed to its utmost standing and seating capacity to accommodate the crowd of three thousand to hear Miss Booth speak, and hurriedly were seated away. The vocal and instrumental music was inspiring, and the powerful address of the wonderful woman-leader in the great religious movement visibly impressed and moved many in the vast audience."

A Brave Boy.

A very touching sight at one of the Commissioner's meetings was that of a little boy, of about twelve years, holding up his hand boldly when Miss Booth asked for those who wanted to get saved. He marched down from the far end of the large gallery, and made his way to the penitent form. Afterwards we found that his mother was a singer in a concert hall of doubtful repute, but the little lad was in earnest, and meant to stay with Jesus.

The Pacific Commander.

Major Haygrave met the Commiss-

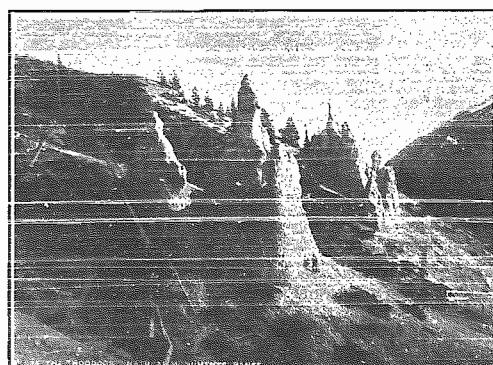
sioner at Butte, and went with her to Nelson and Rossland. He had made very admirable arrangements in every place visited in his Province, and looked well after the needs and comfort of the Commissioner and party. Billets, halls, crowds, and finances were all very satisfactory. Mrs. Haygrave, who was delighted to have the Commissioner stay at her home while in Spokane, sang several times during the spiritual meetings, with her outline sweetness and expression. Both the Major and his beloved wife were greatly pleased with the success of the tour, to which they had labored for weeks.

The Early Bird.

Passing through Missoula, we had a wait of twenty minutes, during which Ensign and Mrs. Cummings came to see the Commissioner, and took the opportunity to canvass for the Self-Denial Fund. He had started early to catch the worm and insect return, now that he collected over \$600, while his target was \$140, which showed he worked hard, long, and systematically. We were sorry the time did not permit of a meeting being held at Missoula, but kept believing Ensign, the future is before you.

Glorious Scenes.

The scenery of the Far West along portions of the Northern Pacific and throughout the Kootenay country is grand. Streams, rocks, mountaintops, valleys, lakes, and canyons meet the enraptured gaze of the dwellers of the plains, and loudly proclaim the glory of the Creator. Reluctantly the eye leaves the scene of beauty, as



The "Hoodoo," Natural Monuments, Banff.

the train rushes on, and in ecstasy we revel in Nature's handiwork. Truly God spreads His Bible all around us for all mankind to read and admire.

The Rocky Mountains.

But the scenery along the C.P.R., from Vancouver to Banff, takes the palm of that of any transcontinental railway. It is simply superb. The grandeur of the lofty peaks and ridges, the variety of formation and shapes of mountain ranges, the mighty Fraser River, and Kicking Horse Canyons, and a thousand other characteristics, make the journey delightful, no matter how often repeated. Every mile of that long journey is one of inspiration and admiration. One is sorry that some parts of it have to be spent in sleep.

900 Miles Northward by Sea.

Different somewhat, but magnificently so, is the journey by boat from Vancouver to Skagway. The boat, the S.S. Princess May, on which the Commissioner traveled, was greatly different from that on which she traveled with the first Klondike contingent, four years ago. Then sheep, mules, and horses were aboard in profusion, accommodation limited, and the progress slow. This time we took three days instead of six, but we did not make the numerous calls which made the former journey so interesting. We were pleased to have the same Captain on board, who made us very comfortable.

Toward Alaska.

The channel lies between hundreds of islands which dot the Pacific coast. New views continually open to the onlooker. Then one has the advantage over the railroad on deck of a ship of seeing all around at leisure. The weather was very propitious—calm waters, inlets, bays, mountains, glaciers, sunsets, clear atmosphere, Indian villages, playing porpoises, icebergs, and other steamers, made a great variety of attractive pictures, which, with the bracing sea breeze, made us feel at peace with all the world, and dangerously disinclined for work.

More Than Pleased.

To say that the Skagway officers were pleased to see the Commissioner and her party is to put it very mild. Fancy never seeing a comrade-once a Special, a G.B.M. Agent, a D.O., or a P.O. for two years, and you will have some idea of this feeling. They made everyone feel right at home, gave the Commissioner a humble bedroom, and looked well after her temporal needs and comfort. The friends and soldiers of the city also did their best to honor their distinguished visitor, who conducted, in all, four large meetings in the Elk's Hall.

A Visit to a Famous Cemetery.

While at Skagway the Commissioner visited the little cemetery in the canyon, situated on the rocky hillside, with the sad Reid Falls as background. Here lies buried at the edge of the ill-famed outlaw "Soapy Smith" who held the town in constant terror about four years ago, and by the help of his "gang" relieved many a miner of his hard-earned gold. He was at the Commissioner's open-air meeting four years ago, and afterwards paid us a visit, while camping, at midnight. A few weeks following the better element of Skagway's citizens rose up and called a mass meeting to discuss how to rid themselves of "Soapy" and his gang. The surveyor, Mr. Reid, was put at the entrance of the wharf to refuse admittance to any of the outlaws. In the conflict Soapy Smith appeared, and demanded admittance. Reid refused, aboats were exchanged and both opponents fell mortally wounded. A fine monument has been erected to the memory of Frank Reid, "who gave his life for the honor of Skagway" as the epitaph on the tomb-stone reads.

A Dead City.

Two Danish fishermen offered their gasoline launch to take the Commissioner to Dyea, the formerly well-known town at the foot of the famed Chilkoot Pass. Dyea once made a desperate struggle to gain the ascendancy over Skagway. It became the building of a long pier to obtain the landing of steamers, but after spending about \$10,000 on it they gave up, and so it stands to-day unfinished. Streets and houses, many of them with furniture inside, are deserted, only about half a dozen white people living there now. The Chilkoot Pass is a forsaken route since the White Pass Railway has been running, and Dyea is a dead city.

Heathen Self-Sacrifice.

A touching story was told us by Susie, the Indian wife of one of the fishermen, sounding the more pathetic in its simple language. The woman's mother was the daughter of a chief who had married an Indian of the opposite tribe. According to Indian laws, the wife and children belong to the wife's tribe, and in case of war must fight on their side. With the introduction of whisky, by traders, wars among the Chilkats became frequent, and so a feud broke out between the Frogs and the Whales, so called by the animal which the tribe had taken for their totem. Indian tradition will not allow the conclusion of peace until an even number is killed on both sides of the fighters, but a chief, or a member of a chief's family, counts for a certain number of men. Susie's mother determined to bring the bloody struggle to a close by voluntarily giving her life to the payment of a number of men's lives of her tribe. She had good-bye to her family and took Susie, then a babe of six months, on her back. With tears streaming down her face she rushed out, and was shot, but the baby was saved and grew up. What a sacrifice to make, and she was but a heathen, a despised Indian! It reminds one of the great Love which made a sacrifice of its earthly life to make peace between earth and heaven.

Heathen Traditions are Cruel.

In spite of the spread of Christianity among the aborigines of Alaska, many heathenish and cruel practices still are practised. Only a few months ago a Christian Indian boy, of fourteen, told the missionary that he had been accused of being a murderer and having caused the death of a relative. This is a trick of the medicine-man, who works himself up into frantic fits, and then accuses someone against whom he has a spite. The accused is then beaten and cruelly tortured, bound and fettered and left without food until he confesses his crime, or, in default, until he dies. Men and women are accused alike. In this case the missionary believed the boy was only frightened and that the old custom had died out, but when, after a few days, the boy did not appear, he journeyed to his village, and by the aid of a mounted policeman, forced the relatives to reveal the whereabouts. They found the boy almost doubled up, bound, and gagged, in a hole under the floor of the sick man's house, and took him away, sending him on the



The Town of White Horse, Yukon Territory.

first steamer to Sitka, where an Indian school exists. For some days the missionary and mounted policeman had to hold off the savage relatives at the point of the revolver, but when the boy once had been safely sent away, the missionary remained alone, and plunked zinc his church bell on Sunday, holding his services as if nothing had happened. He was not again molested.

Salvation Army Converts.

We were pleased to see the many converts which the Army has made among the Alaska Indians, who now wear the uniform and are leading truly Christian lives. Here in Skagway Jim Hansen was converted, and after his conversion confessed a double murder, which had baited the police. Nearly a hundred Indians of the Tlingit tribe are Salvationists. One of them had in his possession the famous Stah-Wahn Kulte, which, for 200 years had been kept in the family to kill and slay, but now has been sold as a curiosity. The Indian women presented the Commissioner with one of their famous Indian spruce-root baskets, which take weeks of patient weaving to produce. Another Indian

"To Miss Eva Booth.

From John Harris Kowshki, A member of the Skagway Army: "Praise the Lord I have lived to see you! I am sorry I have not had a

chance to speak to you before I leave, but to-day I have to go to my fishing grounds. If I never see you again in life I hope to meet you in heaven. God bless and keep you safe. God bless everybody!"

To ascertain whether there was any possibility or likelihood of getting through to Dawson, the writer went to White Horse, the terminus of the White Horse Railway. This railroad is undoubtedly a fine piece of engineering work. It climbs the Pass in curves, spanning precipices and clinging to the rocks, in some places almost perpendicular. In other places the builders had to lower swinging scaffolds from the top of the rocks, for the men to get supplies for the blasting of a ledge for the track. The route is most picturesque and unique. The mountains seem to tower in eternal grandeur on every hand, and present a most beautiful view when one has passed the summit and leaves the highest ranges behind like a gigantic coast defence built by Supernatural hands.

White Horse.

White Horse is a small, neat town, built on the Lewis River, being the terminus of the railroad and the starting point of the river route to Dawson. Five steamers lay there to await the breaking up of the ice in Lake La Barge, which formed the only

obstacle to navigation, the river being open at the time, and free from floating ice. The once-feared White Horse rapids have lost their terror, since the railroad goes past the same. At this time the ice on Lake La Barge was rotten and unsafe to cross; otherwise we might have gone across on the stage and taken the steamer below, as some who preceded us a few days had done. Then there was a hard trail which the mail carriers took for the time being, but that was rendered dangerous on account of the many swift mountain streams which had to be crossed, so immediate advance was impossible. The Commissioner, therefore decided, after a few days' waiting, and another two meetings at Skagway, to return.

Worked Out for the Best.

While the Commissioner deeply regretted to have to disappoint the Dawson officers and soldiers, as well as the public, it proved the best decision, as the following despatch shows:

"(Special Despatch to the Globe.)

Dawson, Y.T., June 5.—The first boat from White Horse arrived here on the 3rd Inst., with one hundred and fifty passengers and one case of small pox on board. The boat was discontinued at an island five miles below Dawson.

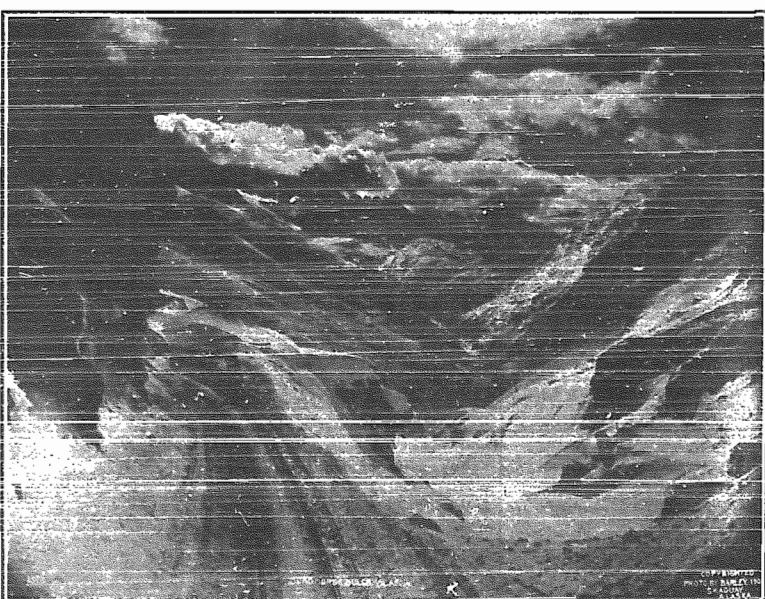
According to this we would, at the time of writing, be in quarantine, with the prospects of returning to Toronto some time in August at the earliest.

Rockland's Health Inspector.

Speaking of small-pox reminds me of the unpleasant experience Brigadier Pugmire had with the Health Inspector or a Rockland, when crossing over from Alaska. In spite of the fact that he was the first to show his arm for inspection, the official denied it upon returning to the car, and in general was very discourteous. Some local papers gave a misstatement of the incident, which showed the Brigadier in a wrong light altogether, and a Vancouver paper altogether disregarded truth in the effort to provide amusing reading to the public.

The Influence of a Sincere Christian.

I met a sailor on board ship who had been a soldier for a year before going there with the First Canadian Contingent. He described the following incident as one of the most touching he had ever witnessed. After the battle of Zand River, he noticed a crowd of men standing around the



Dead Horse Gulch, White Pass, Alaska.

corpse of a private, crying and weeping. It seemed a strange sight when dead bodies of men and officers were laying all around unnoticed. He went up and asked who the private had been. "Oh, it's the fellow who always used to be talking to us about our souls" answered one, with choking voice. He was a Salvationist, whose blood-marked Bible was afterwards sent to the young woman he meant to marry on his return.

The Calgary Critic Says:

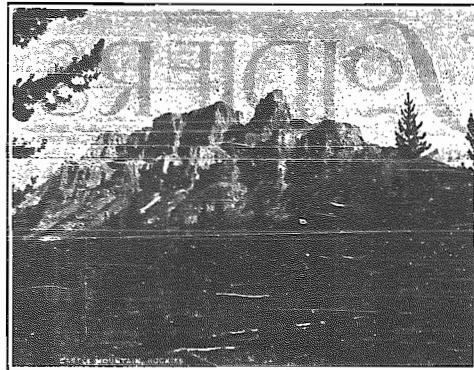
"The Salvation Army lads and lasses were beneficially in evidence during the week. Their grand and clear singing, accompanied by their popular and excellent band music, lent such charm to their religious exhortations as encircled them with crowds of evidently interested hearers. The rough-and-ready company, as well as his more sedate emprise, seemed impressed with respect for all those efforts for better thoughts and reforms. The Army, during its life here, has been a power for good, and the fine new barracks they are about to erect shows what a hold they have among the people. We are glad to say that they are here to stay."

Two Convicts on the Train.

On our return journey we found two convicts in the forward car, whom the guard were talking to the King's Penitentiary. One was under life sentence for murder, the other under fourteen years' penalty for burglary. The Commissioner spoke to both of these convicts about the power of Christ to liberate their sin-enslaved souls, while the Red Knights sang several appropriate songs and choruses. One of the prisoners requested us to sing, "Where is my wandering boy to-night?" Brigadier Pugmire closed in prayer, and we left them with a band-shake and a "God bless you." We take our bright and lasting memory in their cell, which we trust will help to bring their thoughts and emotions to bear upon the all-important subject of their eternal salvation.

Favorite Songs.

The general favorites among the songs of the Red Knights were, "Way over yonder on the hill-top," as sung in the charming style of the Goss Quartet, "I want to go there," and "How can I live without Jesus," sung by Capt. Russell, "Thine, O Jesus, for what reason?" and "God is calling the prodigal," sung by the entire Red Knights. Then the various instru-



Castle Mountain, Rockies.

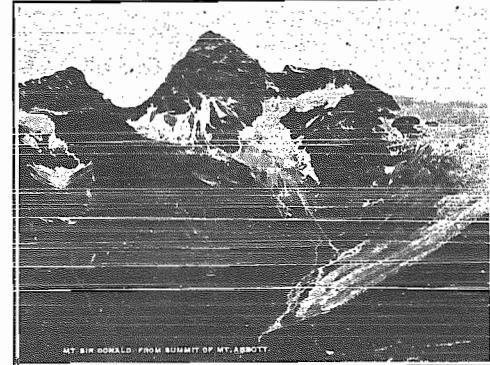
mental numbers, as violin solos, concertina and cornet solos, cello solos, violin and cello duets, and orchestral numbers always were received well. Especially appreciated was the Commissioner's harp playing, which never failed to win admiration and applause.

The Young Violinist.

Among the most ardent admirers of the Commissioner's harp was a little girl at Skagway, who, on account of illness had been unable to come to any of the meetings, but who, on the Commissioner's invitation, was brought to the officers' quarters. There the Commissioner played for her, when the little girl brought out her violin and both astonished and amused us with the dexterity of her movements, the precision of her playing, and the grave way with which she played, having the air of a much older person. God bless the child, the only one her mother has left out of four, and help her to grow up to be a blessing to her parents, and the world in general.

Many Adventures.

The Red Knights, during their separate tour of four weeks, had many adventures. At Fernie they arrived late, and went straight to the meeting. A compassionate lady left the meeting and bought a bag of oranges, which



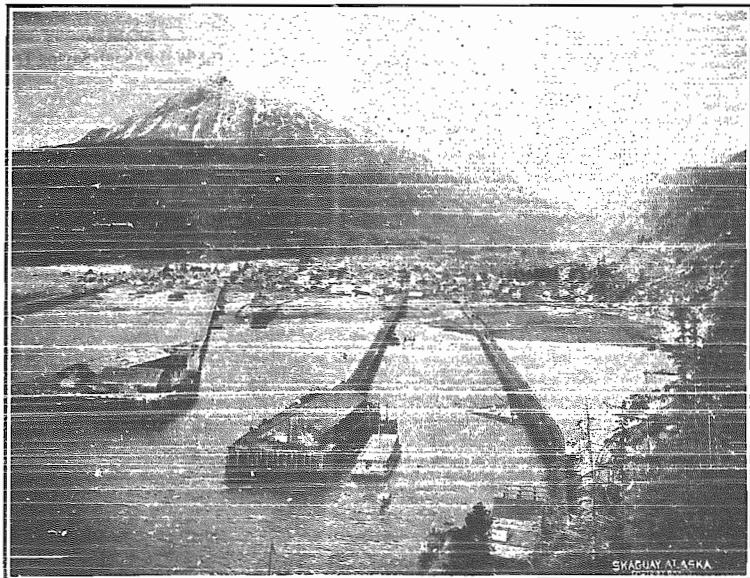
Mt. Sir Donald, from Summit of Mt. Abbott.

she handed to the platform. While the announcements were made the Red Knights hastily ate a few oranges behind the scenes, and much refreshed, continued the meeting. At Kootenay

Landing a landslide had delayed them and five miles were made on an open truck, with a dangerously swinging mule. At Brandon the Red Knights about the train time, with the result that they spent the 24th of May on a freight train instead of at Brandon. At Rossland they visited a gold mine. Another regrettable misunderstanding occurred on account of the town band being out, unknown to the Red Knights, who, however, ceased playing as they marched past, and instead of holding the open-air at the old stand, which was almost opposite the town band's stand, they went block further away. Instead of appreciating the endeavor of the Red Knights, as most of Rossland's people did, one paper misrepresented the affair, saying that the Red Knights played while passing the band, etc. We are sorry that this error occurred, but the people know us better.

Toronto—All Change!

When on the 5th of June, the well-known Union Station, Toronto, hove in sight, there was a quick scramble and jumping onto the platform to



Bird's-Eye View of Skagway, Alaska.

grasp once more the hands of old comrades and dear ones, and soon the tale of the tour was rehearsed in the different homes, to be treasured as a precious memory by all the Red Knights.

A VISION OF LOVE.

I saw it in the midst of the multitude. The face was calm and strong in its expression, and bore tokens of great suffering. It was a strangely mournful face, but yet was passing fair, for on the features played a holy light. There was peace in the depths of those eyes, gazing with tender compassion on the care-worn, tear-stained, sh-darkened faces of the passing throng.

All who caught sight of that singularly pure and lovely countenance seemed drawn toward it with magnetic power. The distress of the following, the sinful approached the Glorious Being and besought His aid. Did they seek in vain? Ah, no! His healing touch and tender words bound up each broken heart, and as His blessing fell upon the needy, His brow shone with a clearer, holier light, and as it became more brightly illuminated, I saw a name written there. Around the name, in dazzling characters, flashed out the words, "Internal and Unchangeable," and the name was LOVE.—Elsie M. Graham.

The thorn was the curse of Adam, but the crown of Christ.

Many of our troubles are instantly cured by holding them up in the light of God's countenance. They arise from seeing things in a false light, or from seeing things in the hot-light of this world. When they are surveyed in the great sphere, and in the light of heaven, they dissolve like snow-flakes.



Our SOLDIERS' PAGE

Daily Readings.

"As wax melteth before the fire, so let the wicked perish at SUNDAY. In the presence of God."—Prov. vii. 2. William Brewster, who persecuted Christianity, and endeavored to stamp it out of existence, was at length killed in battle. Just before dying he is reported to have said, "O Galilean, (meaning Jesus) Thou hast conquered!"

"Seek ye first the Kingdom of God, and His righteousness, MONDAY. and all these things shall be added unto you!"

Matt. vi. 33. "It is of no use for you to pray with me now," said a dying man to two officers as they knelt by his side. "Once I had an opportunity to give myself to God, but I had set my heart on making money, and although many of my companions got saved, I let the opportunity slip by, and hardened my heart against God. I emigrated to the colonies, where I made my fortune. I have many years back home a few months, thinking to enjoy my money, and now I'm dying. Oh, that I had put God first! I feel it is too late now. I cannot pray. Money has been my god, and now I'm a lost soul!" Thus he died.

"Man also knoweth not his time!"

Eccles. ix. 12. "I have TUESDAY. to laugh." I have a gaily dressed girl, when an officer urged her to surrender that night. She was very much convicted, but would not yield. When the officer said to her, "Death may come suddenly—do not put it off," she replied, "Oh, I have plenty of time to laugh."

On the following Sunday morning, instead of returning to the meeting, as she had been urged to do, she went out boating with some friends.

The mother wondered why her beloved daughter was so long recurring. She went to the door; a crowd was coming up the street; men were carrying something on a door. With a shriek of woe she recognized the lifeless body of her daughter. Drowned suddenly!

"For now thou numberest my steps, dost thou not watch WEDNESDAY. over my sin?"—Bob over my sin.

Over the earth, before a table, a plate of sweet cakes was brought in and laid upon the table.

"Oh, I want one of those cakes!" cried the little boy, jumping up as soon as his mother went out, and going on tip-toe towards the table.

"No, no," said his sister, pulling him back; "no, no, you must not touch."

"Mother won't know it; she didn't count them," was answered, shaking her off, and stretching forth his hand.

"If she didn't, perhaps God counted," replied his sister.

The little boy's hand was stayed, and he went back to his seat, leaving the tempting cakes untouched.

"The fear of man bringeth a snare: but whose putteth his THURSDAY. trust in the Lord, shall be safe."—Prov. xxiii.

25. "I will show thee as they have suffered," said a fierce Swiss persecutor, rushing to our saviour. "Two hours before he was to put his project into execution both his legs were cut off by a train, and with murder in his heart he was suddenly swept before the bar of the great universal Judge.

He that touches God's children, touches the very apple of His eye. We may be sure that, except for some wise purpose, we are safe from harm, and if we are to suffer, it will only be that we may bring God the greater

glory by our ultimate deliverance. If Daniel had not been cast into the den of lions, where would have been the glorious story of his faith and victory and God's power to keep?

"God forbid that I should glory, save in the cross of our FRIDAY. Lord Jesus Christ!"—Gal. vi. 14. In the American civil war a wounded soldier said: "Turn me over, will you, boy, so I can see the colors?" and when they turned him over he was dead.

Are your eyes fixed on Calvary's flag—on the cross? Are you fighting under it? Do you love it? If so, though a bullet should pierce your heart the next moment, oh, how gladly will you spill your life's blood for Him who died for you. Ah, it is when you

get your eyes off the cross that your spirit grows weary, and you feel like giving in.

"Greater love hath no man than this, that a man lay down his life for his friends."

—John xv. 13. A sad steamboat accident happened, which resulted in the death of more than forty people. Amongst the passengers on the boat was a soldier of our corps. As soon as the accident occurred he set himself about to save others who were struggling in the water. He succeeded in saving some eight or nine, when his strength gave way. He was urged to save himself, but replied, "There is no danger for me." I am saved," and in a few moments later sank.

WANTED, HELP!

"Ask them to help me." These words were spoken by a young man of twenty-one years of age, who had spent his life for selfish interests, and rejected Christ.

Only six days before, we were called in to see him. We found him able to walk about the floor, but dying with rapid consumption. When asked by the Ensign whether he was converted, he replied, "No." We urged him to give his life to God, and kneeling together a little group of Salvationists who earnestly prayed for him, he in true repentance and humility gave himself to God. He arose from his knees with the assurance that God, for Christ's sake, had forgiven him. We visited him daily after this, and found him sinking very fast.

One Saturday afternoon we were sitting in his room, and he whispered to his brother, on whose arm his head was resting, "Ask them to help me." Thank God, we were in a position to ask the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother, to plot him safe over the river, and two hours later he passed away to be with Jesus. I have been thinking a great deal about the world. "Help me!" that young man asked for it, and have prayed again and again that God would make me a help to someone. I feel if there is one thing the world needs at the present time it is help, and how few there are who are willing to give their lives to rescue poor down-trodden souls from a life of misery and a never-ending hell.

If a man is drowning in a harbor, does he want someone to stand on the wharf and teach him how to swim? No, he wants help.

Men and women are sinking under the waves of sin all round us, and going down to rise no more. They need, not our advice, but our help.

Oh, for men and women consecrated to the will of God, and filled with the Holy Ghost, who will help to save the world!

"Pure religion and undefiled before God and the Father is this, to visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and to keep themselves unspotted from the world!"—T. McWilliams, Capt.

The W.O.P. Soul-Saving Troop.

The following are the facts and figures of the West Ontario Soul-Saving Troop's winter campaign:

Corps Visited	15
Open-Air Held	197
People Present	2,927
Afternoon Meetings Held	73
People Present	1,421
Indoor Meetings Held	22
People Present	20,022
Hour Spent in Visitation	768
Houses Visited	2,127
Houses Seen and Prayed in	1,251
Junior Meetings Held	508
Juniors Present	19
Seniors Professed to get Saved	272
Sanctified	95
Juniors Saved	35
Making a Total at the Penitent Form of	465
Seniors Enrolled	123
Of These Saved During the Special Meetings	47
Seniors Enrolled	51
Of These Saved in the Special Meetings	49
Total Income of Socials and Collections	\$157.02

All Glory be to God!—W. Orchard, Adj't.

THANKS.

Capt. Cox, of Sherman, wishes to express his thanks for all the kind letters of sympathy and friendliness which he has received from many Staff and Field Officers throughout the Territory on the occasion of his recent bereavement in the promotion of his dear wife.

Fear and doubt give God the lie.

The Christian who fears to be spent for Christ is a candle unwilling to be lighted.

What They are Saved from Down "Whitechapel Way."

By LIEUT-COLONEL MRS. READ.

THE twilight of an English autumn evening was gathering in deepest shadows as I started out from Clapton Square. I was accompanied by a member of Mrs. Bramwell Booth's Staff, and my mission was a visit to Whitechapel Shelter for Women. Those who love and owe a debt of gratitude for spiritual blessings and uplift to the Salvation Army and its revered General, may imagine my feelings, as on board a tram, we passed out of Clapton down Mare Street, through Hackney to the spot famous as the birthplace of the Army. Conditioned emotions stir my heart as Mile End comes into view, and a mental picture of a brave man, with a mere handful of followers, his head bare to the breeze, utting his voice, and these lay the foundation for a great movement that has spread around the world, passed before me. I could imagine the style of the class composing his crowd, as, a few minutes later, I stood in Finsbury Street, Whitechapel, in front of the Shelter, waiting for admission. There was some little alteration between some of the women who waited their turn to be admitted. There were differences to the number of pennies they had earned that day, and what they should do with them.

Seeing two officers in the midst of this little group, a crowd gathered, and in a few minutes the street was filled with an eager, expectant multitude, and we could have easily conducted an impromptu open-air meeting.

A Characteristic Crowd.

And such a crowd! Such a motley sea of faces, scarred, and bruised, and dissipated, ragged and wretched, old and young, little and large, pinched and poverty-stricken, pushing and jostling each other in their curiosity and eagerness to get nearer to us—difficult to imagine such a crowd in fair, well-fed, well-clothed Canada, but it was just such a vision of sin, sorrow, and need as faced the General over thirty years ago, and inspired the young words he said for the hopeless, and desolate for all through Jesus our Saviour.

Inside the Shelter, a sight of the pitiable wreckage of womanhood and misfortune met me that will never be obliterated from my memory. The officer who conducted me through, in the absence of Brigadier Bow, who is in charge, carefully explained that there was accommodation for over three hundred women, and that the place was crowded nightly with women, besides a number of children whose only home was the Salvation Army's roof. The women paid a few halfpence for their bed, and in the morning went out again to earn sufficient for the day's needs.

As I passed through the dormitories I noticed that everything was spotlessly clean, and felt that it itself must be a sermon in Whitechapel!

The Adjutant had been conducting the usual evening service when we entered, and before leaving the place we visited a large sitting-room furnished with plain benches, between two and three hundred of the poorest and most wretched of London's womanhood—hairy faces, silver hair, and bearded eyes—were sitting. They were of all ages, with some tottering on death's precipice, and from all grades of social decadence, many brows being furrowed with the marks of years of sinning. Many of them had miserable little bundles wrapped up in dirty paper, and tied with dirty ends of string. In the eyes of many a new light shone, witnessing to the power of transforming grace, and paid to the officers who conducted us over the building. "I wish you would request me to sing," I heard them singing at the regular service, which is held every evening at seven o'clock. Then a most touching incident took place. The Adjutant repeated my desire to them, and they immediately commenced to sing, "There is a better world, they say, oh, so bright!" and they all sang it heartily, earnestly, many of them sweetly, the many poor, ragged little ones with their mothers joining in with shrill childish voices,

clapping their puny, bony hands as an accompaniment.

My heart was moved deeply, and I had difficulty in restraining the tears. Such a picture of poverty they represented, and yet they could sing so brightly. I summed them in a few words for their singing, and said I would remember them on my three thousand miles' journey across the wide sea. The poor things swayed their bodies to and fro in sympathy, and many exclaimed, "God go with you!" "God bless you!" It seems that in the heart of the most depraved and hardened there is a tender spot that may be reached by a kind word of consideration and sympathy.

As I passed out into the darkness of the night, and through the ever-thickening crowd who rushed on, tasseled-headed and unkempt, among the vendors and hawkers, typical of this district, out into the heavy, throbbing life of the world's great metropolis, in my heart was born a

great pity such as I had never experienced before, and, as I glanced at the many men whose faces bore the stamp of depravity and evil, I shuddered, reflecting to my companion, "Oh what a blessing such a place is—what temptations these women are saved from!"

This thought ran through my mind as we retraced our steps through the surging mass of people, and, as the tram bore us quickly away from this historic spot, dear (as the Army's birthplace) to every lover of the Salvation Army. How often has the thought come back to me since that day last summer, just prior to leaving Canada, "Ladies! Oh, the snares, the pitfalls, the traps that are set for the unwary feet of poor, frail, despairing, weak, helpless womanhood of this class!"

If we can realize their temptations we can form some estimation of what such institutions as the one I have written of, mean to the homeless poor of our great cities. The arms of love and shelter enfold them through the hours of darkness, when the enemy is stalking about with ravenous hunger seeking his prey. The otherwise victimized are sheltered from the wickedness of their foes, and in the Salvation Army scattered throughout this and every land, they hear of One who will save from sin and take from their natures all that responds to the evil influences within.

Wife." They are among the most forcible in the book. On the right view of the subject what

Happiness is at Stake!

Could anything be better put than this?

“Much of the love, in the married life of many, dies of starvation—away, from neglect. If you cultivate it, you will have an abundant harvest; if you do it violence, or leave it unattended, thorns will choke it, and it will probably utterly perish.”

Or more beautiful than the following?

“I loved my bride before I took her to the altar; but I loved her more, and deeper, and more ardently from my love, twenty years after, that sacred event, than I did before.”

The husband's privileges and duties are considered at length, and find a counterpart in a description of the duties which wives owe to their husbands. With deep insight, sincerity and justice, the General has looked at matters all round, and his conclusions are worthy alike of his heart and his head. I will not attempt an analysis; these pages must be read as they are.

“Home” will touch the best chords in most natures. Its tremendous importance is vividly shown. Its temporal and spiritual welfare regarded, and valuable advice tendered concerning it.

“All who are responsible for the well-being of home, should enquire, before they attempt its establishment, and often pause after it has come into existence, to ask the question, ‘How can we make home better answer to God’s ideal?’”

“The ‘Training of Children’ is embodied counsel of a truly helpful kind. The General speaks as an expert, and every parent ought to read what is said on the burning topic of “Education.”

To sum up, I would say: Give “Religion for Every Day” a prominent place on your book-shelf, and put its twin-volume alongside it! I write this to Salvationists in particular, but to everybody in general.

“Love, Marriage, and Home.”



Being Part II. of the General's Important Work on “Religion for Every Day.”

A REVIEW.

Some few weeks back it was our privilege to bring under the notice of our readers the first part of “Religion for Every Day”—a volume crowded with mature wisdom which is the outcome of our beloved General's long and wonderful experience of things human and Divine, and for which we predict a useful and lasting destiny. With the second volume before me, I boldly venture on the widening of that strong assertion so as to include this latter arrival, which is a book of equal size and similar fashion to the first, and with contents as charming as the most sanguine conception of its title might lead one to suppose.

Throughout its clear-typed pages run fascinating biographical glimpses of the almost ideal relations which existed between the author and the noble woman who was for so many years his life's partner, and these

Shed a Romance

and an interest than which no work of fiction could possess a stronger.

The subjects dealt with are of so delicate a nature that few could have handled them efficiently; and ever granted the necessary skill in this direction, the qualities of observation and penetration which characterize the General may have been lacking. Here are displayed something like a perfect combination of tact and knowledge, sympathy, but inflexible rectitude, the purest sentiment and the keenest common sense. Should any person with a turn for criticism doubt the necessity for special guidance on matters which are usually considered to be so much part and parcel of human nature, I can only advise that one, first, to look around him and observe the ill-starred matrimonial alliances so common around us, and then to carefully peruse “Love, Marriage, and Home,” with the actual state of things definitely fixed in the mind.

The Opening Chapter

deals with Courtship—most interesting and most appropriate of beginnings. The General makes this appear no light-headed business:—

“I have watched many young people deal plenteous misery for those connected with them, spoil their own lives, and sacrifice possibilities of great usefulness, by foolish or unsanctified engagements. If the backsliders of the land, who have made shipwreck of faith by early, irregular,

or Christless courtships, were counted, I am convinced that the total would be a terrible figure.”

The section devoted to “The Choice of a Partner,” is of sterling value. Here, indeed, there are likely to be rocks ahead. The General files some warning signals; oh, that thousands may not heed them!

“My comrades, unless you have made up your minds to the appalling consequences of hasty-keeping yourselves, and rear up a family to serve the devil, do not marry, under any pretence whatever, except you can marry in the Lord.”

Not, however, that this or any other portion of the book is mere goody-goodyism, I repeat, practical common sense is one of its leading features, as when the General dwells upon the question of health, affinity, and that indispensable possession of both parties alike—love: “If there is no love, in the name of all that is sacred and righteous in earth and heaven,

“I forbid the Banne!”

Not less emphatic—my own observation leads me to say not less required—in the short article on “How to Make Love.” I command it to all young people, whether inside or outside our ranks. “Beware,” says the writer, “of making your engagement the occasion of any conduct or conversation that is silly, or trivial, or unbecoming, or calling your a sons and daughters of God.” This is splendid!—

“Never quarrel through the post-office. Postpone the settlement of every difficulty till you have the opportunity of meeting face to face; and then, together, hand in hand, and eye to eye, doubt and misgivings will readily fly away.”

I admire the wisdom and strict impartiality with which the scales are held in the discussion of the “Advantages and Disadvantages of Marriage.” The question is of special import to women, and will, if I mistake not, with their entire approbation. Touching a step further, “The Wedding,” is touched with a sensible finger. I immensely like the General's suggestion that the joy of the occasion should find expression in seeing that “some humble comrade, some lonely widow, or some needy stranger,” has share in the happiness and plenty of the day. Naturally, “Beginning Again,” follows hard after the event noted—the counsel is splendid.

No space is left me to dwell upon the two weighty chapters which treat of “The Relations of Husband and

Saved in the Prison Cell.

The following extract is taken from a letter sent to the Editor by an inmate of the Central Prison, Toronto, who was saved recently through the efforts of the Army.

“I have a burning question: How can I get saved? Who, me and committed the most atrocious enormities who has indulged in the most degrading sins that have ever been committed by mankind, how could I fall upon my knees and ask forgiveness? It would be of no use; I was too far gone, and God would not forgive me. Being a Roman Catholic, I went to my priest and told him all of my sins. He granted me forgiveness, but was I forgiven? No, a thousand times no!

“What could I do? I lived for two days in mind in the position of suspense. God was standing with me during that time. At last I stopped and thought for a while. Then the truth dawned upon me that God would forgive me. I fell upon my knees and cried with my whole soul, ‘O God, be merciful to me, a sinner!’ When I arose from my knees I was saved. I believed, and I was saved; no longer being in despair, it was the Light of the World, Jesus—One of the Central Prison Boys.”

BEWARE!

Officers and soldiers are warned to beware of a man who, under the name of Henry W. Smith, (barber) has presented himself at various corps in West Ontario at the penitent form and endeavored to become a soldier. He has disappeared from two places, at least, leaving debts and scandal behind. Has been in Sarnia, Wallaceburg, and Dresden, also Stratford, and just recently left Chatham.

Service is the best kind of freedom.

Faith alone lifts the fog of the future.

Endeavor counts for more than essays.



United States.

Someone broke into the quarters at Honolulu and stole \$40. An unsaved sailor boy heard of it and handed the Captain \$50 to make up the loss.

Major Ludgate returned to New York in time for the congress, and is said to feel considerably refreshed for his brief furlough in England.

The Army's penny ice wagons are doing good work among the poor of New York City. Five wagons are now in constant use.

A lady, who was returning from the Hawaiian Islands on the S.S. Alameda, took up a collection at one of the Social gatherings on the boat for the work of the Army. She succeeded in getting \$25 for the Food and Shelter work in San Francisco.

The Home of Rest, near New York, has been set aside for the summer for the reception of poor children and their mothers from the city. They will receive a fortnight's board and lodging and sea-bathing. Major and Mrs. Kimball are the officers in charge. A fresh-air camp will also be opened in Kansas City, U.S.A., for the summer.

The janitor of our Pacific Coast Province Headquarters is a converted Russian. He is an earnest Salvationist of six years' standing.

Commander Booth-Tucker, by request, addressed the Baptist ministers of New York City recently. His congregation was both sympathetic and congratulatory.

Great Britain.

Special interest is attached to the General's coming Sunday in London, on the 15th of June, in the Queen's Hall.

Near our Land and Industrial Colony at Hadleigh, Essex, is a fine old mansion, standing in its own grounds of sixteen acres. This house has been taken, altered, and adapted to fill the Government requirements of an Inebriates' Home. There is excellent accommodation for twenty-six men. The bedrooms are large, light, and lofty, and the whole atmosphere of the house cheerful and bracing. The kitchen is well equipped, and the dietary that of an abundant and properly-ordered middle-class table. Friends of the inmates are permitted to visit freely. The Home is surrounded with trees and pine plantations, and has spacious fruit and flower gardens.

South Africa.

Two new song books are in the making at our Cape Town Headquarters: One in English and the other in the Amazoxa language.

A Military League in one of the South African blockhouses is determined to let none of his comrades in the various columns go past without their knowing that a Salvationist is quartered there. He keeps the blood-and-fire flag flying from the blockhouse.

Our Rondebosch Social Farm (Cape Colony) has been vastly improved during the last twelve months, striking evidence of which will be seen in the fact that at a recent agricultural show the officer in charge (Major Lotz) took thirty-eight prizes in all—sixteen firsts, fourteen seconds, and eight

thirds. They have just succeeded in striking water on the Farm estate at a depth of 128 feet. The bore gives up to thirty thousand gallons per day.

Iceland.

Staff-Capt. Boesen, of Ireland, has been holding some successful open-



Canadian Clippings.

Mrs. Labranche, a Montreal woman, was overtaken by a train on a bridge. She managed to avoid the train by clinging to a post, but died from the shock.

The steamer Winifredian has arrived at Cape Town with Canadian Mounted Rifles on board.

A bear weighing 150 pounds was shot in Thornbury.

Two men were killed by the collapse of a railway bridge at Hamota, Man., and six others were injured.

Six men were seriously injured by the collapse of a bridge on the Brednarde, Man., line of the C.P.R.

Immigration returns of Manitoba for the month of May, show that the total number of new settlers registered during the month was 10,652. It is estimated that there is fully an addition of 10 per cent. who never registered. This would bring the total for the month up to 12,000. Data on less official statistics throughout the West during May, with several officers yet to be heard from, totalled 1,692, as compared with 817 entries in May last year.

The dispute between the Toronto Street Railway Company and its employees, regarding recognition of the union and a new wage-scale, has become acute, and a strike may result.

The Cergue Steel Rail Works, at Sault Ste. Marie, has plenty of orders, and will increase the capacity to 600 tons a day.

Lord Strathcona has given \$20,000 to the aged and infirm ministers' fund of the Presbyterian Church.

Mr. John Clark, while drilling for water on the farm of Mr. William Nash on the mountain, Barton Township, struck a flow of gas, which is gradually increasing in volume.

Canadian Pacific Railway trackmen in most of the divisions, will receive no increase of about 15 per cent. in their pay as a result of the arbitration.

Fifty clerks in the Census Bureau at Ottawa have been discharged.

A new scale of postage rates on all classes except letters comes into effect on July 1st.

Thirty-four new post offices were opened on June 1st.

South African Siftings.

A proclamation has been issued substituting at tax of 10 per cent. net on the profits of mining operations for the 5 per cent. that was imposed by the late Volksraad.

One of the first signs of the era of peace in South Africa is the removal of the barbed-wire fences between the blockhouses, which is going on everywhere. These rolls of wire will doubtless be given at a valuation to the Boers to replace their fences.

air. The police tried to obstruct him at first, but he persevered. It was estimated that two thousand people stood around one of these meetings on a Sunday.

Italy.

Brigadier Minnie Reid, the plucky leader of the Army's work in Italy, is now on her way to London on Territorial business.

West Indies.

Well done, Jamaica! Last year its Self-Dental amounted to \$2,600. Commissioner Cadman cables that this year it is \$3,250.

American Newslets.

Nine farm houses were destroyed and ten persons killed by a tornado in Minnesota.

A bill for the construction of a dam across the St. Lawrence River, from Adams Island, in Canadian Territory, to Les Galops Island, in United States territory, was passed in the Senate at Washington.

At Pawtucket, R.I., a street car filled with Deputy Sheriffs, and escorted by a cavalry, was stoned by a mob. The Deputy's head and seriously wounded a twelve-year-old boy.

Earthquake shocks were felt at Newport, Oregon.

Immigration Inspector Samuel Epler arrested twenty-two French-Canadians at Morristown, N.J., on a charge of working in violation of the contract labor law.

Senator Elkins of the United States is moving to annex Cuba.

Oil may supplement coal for fuel in the United States navy.

International Items.

The German Atlantic Cable Company has decided to lay another cable from Germany to the United States.

Sidi Ali, Bey of Tunis, is dead. Mussolini, the notorious Italian brigand, has been sentenced to imprisonment for life.

A report from Constantinople states that Arabs have massacred a caravan of wealthy merchants in the desert near Koweyt. Only twenty of five hundred escaped.

M. Jaures, a Socialist member of the French Chamber of Deputies, urged the Government to reduce the standing army.

The rebel force which has been investing Kweiin, capital of the southern Province of Kwangsi, China, has been defeated by the imperial troops.

The famine in Siberia is spreading with increasing rapidity. Reports from Irkutsk show that an enormous number of famine-stricken people are flocking to that city. They are camped in the open, without shelter of any kind, are clad in rags, and are dependent entirely on private charity, which is quite inadequate to cope with the distress.

France is building twenty submarine boats of the new Baron type.

The trial of Colonel Grimm, of the Russian army, has ended. Colonel Grimm was sentenced to be deprived of all rights, and to imprisonment at hard labor for twenty years.

General Tchertkoff, the Governor of Warsaw, in consequence of the reports made to him by the police of preparations for a rising in the kingdom of Poland, is making a tour of inspection among the principal towns of that country. The preparation being not yet prepared in the Polish population, but by some of the Russian troops stationed in Poland, among whom a revolutionary propaganda has for some time been very active.

It is reported that extraordinary precautions have been taken by the police in Vicuna to ensure the safety of the Emperor Francis Joseph. The reason of this is that information has reached the police that some Italian Anarchists have conspired against his life.

THE COLONEL IN THE EAST.

(By wire.)

The Eastern Province extended to Colonel and Mrs. Jacobs, our worthy Chief Secretary, a most hearty and enthusiastic welcome. The meetings at Fredericton were all that could be desired. The subjects were well chosen, the truths were none, resulting in twelve souls for the Master. St. John surpassed highest expectations, eight souls in the fountain. So much are they loved by the Easterners that the Provincial Officer had to tear them away from the soldiers in order to catch the train for North Sydney. Anticipations run high for their return visit.—Brigadier Sharp.

Up the Fighting Line

Five Sought Pardon.

Arnold's Cove.—God is still reviving His work in this part of the vineyard. Since last report five souls have sought pardon through the Master and on Wednesday night two were enrolled under the flag. We are very sorry to lose the Lieutenant, who is about to farewell. She has been a great blessing to us, and we pray that God will bless her wherever she goes.—C. W. S. M. Green.

Hoist the Flag to the Top.

Blenheim.—Lieut. Murray, with the aid of his ward workers, was enabled to hoist the Self-Denial flag to the top of the mast. The Lieutenant and his comrades did nobly, from the highest to the lowest collector. The writer was the champion collector, bringing in the sum of \$21. Two donations of twenty-five cents each were also received for War Cry. We had good meetings on Sunday.—Ina Groom.

Special Program.

Brooklyn.—A special program was given on Monday to a good crowd of people. Adj't. Savage filled the chair well. "D. O." Brant was also present. Ice cream was served at the close. We are determined to go forward.—J. M. Mareskell.

Blessings Through Self-Denial.

Burk's Falls.—We were successful in raising our Self-Denial target, and going \$5 over. The comrades worked hard and faithfully, and can all testify to blessings received in collecting for the first time for Self-Denial. May God bless them! Quite recently six sought the blessing of a clear heart. It was a beautiful sight. Yesterday we had a good day, commencing with a rousing knee-drill, and one brother for salvation. At night the hall was filled, and we wound up with three precious souls in the fountain. May God keep them true.—E. M.

Return of the Troupe.

Campbellton.—God is blessing us wonderfully. We have had a return visit of the Soul-Saving Troupe. Adj't. Hyers was also present. The building was packed, and I wish you could have heard the people cheer when the Adj'tant called a number of comrades to the front to be enrolled as Salvation soldiers. Tom almost went wild with joy. We had a commissioning of Sergeants by Adj't. Hyers, winding up with three souls for salvation. On Sunday we had a good day, with four souls for salvation. Sergt. F. E. Berry.

Celebrating the Peace.

Charlottetown.—S.D. target again handily marked. It was a hard fight, but we got there. Mrs. Adj't. Crichton collected over \$80. This was one of the victories of peace. We also joined in celebrating the peace in South Africa, by spreading out good flag to the breeze. Capt. Anderson is enjoying a well-earned rest. She took the Sunday night meeting, speaking with great power. Capt. O'Neill, of the U.S. war, is here. We have had three souls since last report, one a Scotch sailor, for whom Mrs. Crichton sang, "I canna help but lo'e Him." The Adj'tant has just returned from a week-end at Summerside. Secretary Ells has assisted twice at Winsloe lately. Our next engagements will likely be with the summer-imps.—H.

Seven at the Cross.

Dresden.—We had a grand week's victory. Two came to the Lord on Thursday night, and on Sunday night five more knelt at the mercy-seat. One decided to take her stand as a Salvation soldier. Dresden corps is coming right up, and we are believing for more victories.—J. Sharpe.

Another Victory.

Halifax I. Another Self-Denial Week is over, with united effort, hard work, prayer, and faith, we succeeded in going over our target. Praise the Lord! Quite a number of souls have sought the Lord since last report. We are having good crowds, and our open-air meetings are grand.—Treas. Cashin.

Eight Soldiers Enrolled.

Halifax IV.—Since the opening of Richmond we are having the presence of the Master. On Sunday Capt. McEachern enrolled eight soldiers under the flag. The soldiers are fighting and are preparing for the big smash in Stanley Park. He who has given us before the power of the Holy Ghost. The attendance has been small this week, as a number of people are afraid of the small-pox, which is about here, but we will strive to do our best and put our trust in God.—Sister Mrs. Simmons.

Good Open-Air Meetings.

Hamilton II.—We are still on the warpath, and have been successful in landing a few at the Master's feet. Our Self-Denial effort was taken hold of well, with the result that we have raised over \$1000 and intend to get along. Many souls can also record victories and blessings through this week of Prayer and Self-Denial. God is with us and we believe He is going to help us in our summer's work. We have exceptional opportunities for our open-air work. The people crowd around and listen to the singing and speaking, and show that they appreciate all that is done for their benefit. Last Saturday evening we could not stand at our usual corner on account of sickened heads and had to stand at another corner, and had a beautiful time. Sunday was a day of victory, and the meetings were splendid. Some souls desired to be prayed for, and two men remarked that they could not stay away from the meetings and promised to come soon and get saved.—Froggle.

III we Meet.

Hants' Harbor.—Sunday was the farewell day of our comrades who are leaving for the summer. After working together for some months, it was hard to say good-bye. We had good meetings and three brothers sought and found salvation. The glory of God filled our hearts, and we pledged ourselves to be true to God and the flag

till we meet on the other side.—Onlooker.

He Wore a Bonnet.

Houlton.—This town was visited by a tremendous fire, and a number of buildings were destroyed. The fire did not catch the fire of the Holy Ghost, and we are having the victory. Our Self-Denial target was reached in spite of the trying circumstances. With God all things are possible. Last night we had a visit from the Woodstock officers and soldiers, and of course had a splendid time. The old and new Army was exhibited, Capt. Kirk marching at the front with a bonnet on. The street was thronged. We had a good meeting inside, and everyone says, "Come again, Ensign, with your noble soldiers."—P. L.

A Splendid Victory.

Huntsville—We have gained a glorious victory in our Self-Denial effort. Our target was \$80 and we raised over \$100. The victory is greater when we consider the amount of sickness in town. There was quite a competition between the sisters and brothers. Sgt. Major Mrs. Guage went \$17 over her target and beat the brothers, and Mrs. Jones, our War Cry Beamer, scored the largest of all. Captain Howell, with the band, raised over \$300 serenading. The Juniors also did well. Several souls gave themselves to God, which was best of all.—S. McFarland, R.C.

Sin, and its Remedy.

Lewiston.—On Saturday we had a very special meeting, led by Staff-Capt. Taylor, his subject being, "Sin, and its Remedy." Sunday was a day long to be remembered. The meetings were conducted by Mrs. Taylor. Capt. Lacey has gone to Spokane to see his wife, who is very ill. Cadet Eyer, with his little hand of blood-and-fire soldiers, is pushing forward in the cause of Christ.—S. M. Sumpter.

The Prodigal came Home.

Little Bay Island.—On Sunday night we had a blessed time. The power of God was felt and at the close we rejoiced over one prodigal returning to the fold. We had a halieulah wind-up, and closed the meeting by singing, "I'll be true, Lord, to Thee."—Corps Cadet Emily Oxford.

Rejoicing Over Four Souls.

London.—We are pleased to report good meetings on Sunday. We held the first open-air of the season in Victoria Park, and had a good crowd.

At night the barracks was well filled, and as Adj't. Goodwin spoke on "The Way of the Transgressor," the truth of her words were corroborated in the faces of many of those present, who had bitterly proved for themselves that "the way of the transgressor is hard." Deep conviction was felt, and we had the joy of seeing four penitent souls kneeling at the meeting, one of them being a Junior. We had a halieulah wind-up at the finish. Sgt.-Major Andrews leading off with "The old-time religion is just the thing for me," followed by Brothers Slinkins and Smith, who, although our oldest soldiers, are quite young when it comes to rejoicing in the Lord.—Amo Diles.

Well Done!

Missoula.—Another glorious financial victory. Our Self-Denial target was \$140, and we realized over \$200. All glory to God! Mrs. Ensign Cummins, our little champion, collecting personally over \$120. This is our third financial effort in this town, and each one has been better than the preceding one. There is much practical sympathy towards our work here.—Ensign Cummins.

Three Captures Made.

Montreal II.—On Sunday we had a blessed time, and three souls were captured from Satan's ranks. Major Turner and Adj't. Creighton were with us on Tuesday night. We had a soldiers' tea and a good meeting after which three sought the blessing of a clean heart. Capt. and Mrs. Crego are working hard, and we mean to stand by them and rally round the dear old flag.—R. H. B.

Waged a Good Warfare.

Musgravetown.—We are doing all we can to pull down the kingdom of His Satanic Lowness. On Sunday night Capt. Baggus bade us farewell. She has waged a good warfare during the ten months she has been in command. We were all sorry to part with her, but our loss will be someone else's gain. May God bless and prosper her. Is our heart-felt prayer.—Well Wisher.

Believing for a Revival.

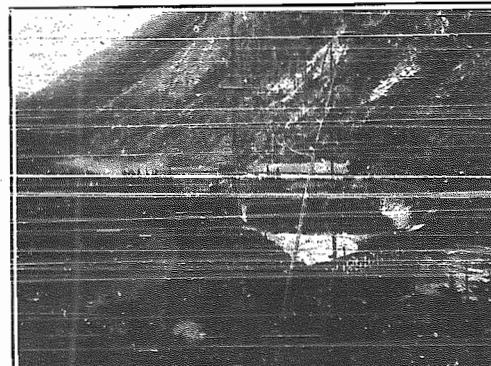
Neepawa.—During the past week God has been blessing us. On Sunday we had good meetings, and God came very near. We are praying and believing for an out-pouring of His Spirit.—A. Solder.

Seventeen Souls Set Free.

Ottawa.—The Salvation Army is always to the front in seizing every opportunity for doing good. Such was the case on Victoria Day, when the Ottawa corps had a grand meeting and lemon pie social. A large crowd was present and enjoyed themselves very much, helping us also in a financial way. Capt. O'Neill and Mrs. Bross have paid us a short visit, and are en route to the Rescue Home, having been enfeebled and gone to assist at London. The Rescue Home Officers, Ensign Hicks and Staff, nobly assist in the battle against sin and the devil. Self-Denial is in full swing. The hand has been serenading, and the soldiers collecting to smash our target. God has wonderfully helped us and we have had the privilege of pointing seventeen sin-crowned souls to the Lamb of God since last report.—A. French.

God's Power Manifest.

Prescott.—We had grand meetings all day yesterday, from early morning until late at night. The power of God was manifested in our midst, and we were all blessed. The meetings were led by Adj't. Newman. God bless him. Dear Mrs. Newman is not able to be at the front of the battle yet, and we ask the prayers of all God's children for her that she may soon be restored to health.—P. S. M. Barton.



The Loop, Glacier, B.C.

LETTERS FROM THE GENERAL

TO THE SOLDIERS OF THE SALVATION ARMY.

The Faith that Saves.

My Dear Comrades,—

I have been talking to you in my late letters about the nature and necessity of repentance. I hope you understood my meaning. I am sure you will find the knowledge useful. But you will know also that there is another act of the soul that must be performed before salvation can be realized and that is faith. Nothing is more frequently insisted upon in the Bible, or more commonly dwelt on in our songs and teachings, than the answer made to the jailor who was convicted through the singing of Paul and Silas, when he inquired for the way of salvation, and that was, "Believe on the Lord Jesus Christ, and thou shalt be saved."

There Are Different Kinds of Faith.

There is faith in the existence of God; faith in His oversight and care; faith in His presence with us in times of trouble; and faith in His being able to deliver us. There is faith in His co-operation in our work for Him, and in His help in the task He has given us. There is also a kind of faith which is almost a delusion, and that is the faith in the "saints" of the past. The soldiers are laying themselves out for a good summer's work for God, and a deepening of their own spiritual experience, which is a good, healthy sign. We are looking for great things in the line of soul-saving. Through God we shall do many wonderful things.—Chas. W. Tillyer.

Fourteen Sought the Lord.

Pilley's Island.—Much of the Spirit has been felt in our midst during the past week. Sunday was a day of blessing, and the power of the Holy Ghost came upon us. In the night meeting many were in tears, some left the meeting wounded, and fourteen came over on the Lord's side. Among the number was an ex-officer, "The War Cry" are sold out every week. Mrs. Mrs. Burditt, a hard worker and energetically pushes the sales of the "Cry." The soldiers are laying themselves out for a good summer's work for God, and a deepening of their own spiritual experience, which is a good, healthy sign. We are looking for great things in the line of soul-saving. Through God we shall do many wonderful things.—Chas. W. Tillyer.

A Very Special Time.

Riverside.—We had a wonderful time on Thursday night. The meeting was conducted by Staff-Capt. Cass and Burditt, Capt. Urquhart, and a host of others. Capt. Urquhart gave a selection on his organ and violin, and each officer had a few words, then Staff-Capt. Burditt spoke with power, and at the close of the meeting one dear sister came to the cross.—C.C. McCarney.

A Backslider Reclaimed.

St. John II., N.B.—Our Treasurer has returned from a winter's campaign nicely saved. We have said good-bye to Lieut. Riley, and welcomed Lieut. DeBow. On Sunday afternoon one backslider was reclaimed, and we can report victory in our Self-Debt effort. "Souls for Jesus" is our motto.—E. Cram, Sec.

A Great Cheer.

Watford.—Adlt. Kenway conducted the week-end meetings. The Adjutant was a great cheer and blessing to us. Our S.D. has been a glorious victory, and we have succeeded in smashing our target. The fight is hard, but God lives to give us the victory.—F. C.

Three Found Him.

Woodstock.—We have had some beautiful meetings lately. On Sunday afternoon a number of Christians were present and gave their experience. Last week-end we had Major and Mrs. McMillan and Lieut. Webber, from London, with us. We believe God did speak through them to the hearts of the people. On Sunday night three souls sought the Light of the World, and were able to sing, "I found Him, my Jesus." Hallelujah! —Reg. Cor.

The more we look up the less we need to look out for ourselves.

Some of the most precious and beautiful things in the Bible are neither precious nor beautiful to us because we look at them and not into them.

Very many troubles of life are not, though but your weakness. Stand up, and they are gone. They are like gnats, which, while one is still, settle and bite; but rising up and working, the whole swarm fly off, or do but buzz. The moment the man rests they alight. Thus activity is exemption, and sleep is defeat.

made respecting it. So please bear in mind that—

The exercise of the faith that saves does not mean that the seeker must believe that God has forgiven him. That would not be correct—else why is he still a seeker?

Now does it mean that the seeker must believe that God will save in the future? No. One can be sure about that, though we can be sure that He stands ready and waiting to forgive at this moment, for now is the accepted time.

The faith that saves, therefore, does not say God has saved me, or God will save me, but it says God does save me.

Now mind, he must believe this. He is not merely to hope for it, nor desire it, nor feel it, but He is to believe it. The man who exercises saving faith says in his heart, "I am a sinner, deserving wrath. God wants to save me. He has promised me salvation if I come to Him to do come now. I come into His presence, I come as well as I can; if I know any better way to approach Him I would come in that way, and I believe that for the sake of His dear Son, who died for my sins, He receives and saves me now."

Queen Alexandra's Religion.

No picture of the Queen's home life would be complete without a reference to its religious side. Strictly brought up in the Anglican faith, Her Majesty has had deep reverence for spiritual things, and the little church in Sandringham Park has been hallowed to her by many tender memories. In the grave-yard lies her youngest-born, the babe who lived but a day, and it is the chancel her eldest son was temporarily laid ere he was taken for burial to Windsor.

A Thank-Offering.

In the pew which knew her first as a girl-bride, nearly forty years ago, the Queen has sat to receive spiritual comfort on many trying occasions. There, when the King was between life and death in 1871, she mingled her prayers with those of the rustic congregation for his recovery, and the lectern presented after a long period of trial bears the inscription, "A thank-offering from Alexandra. When I was in trouble I called upon the Lord, and He heard me."

Warm Cloaks for the Children.

The service at Sandringham is very simple, the choir being composed of children from the schools of the estate, who are, however, extremely well trained by the organist. No surplices are worn, but red cloaks are conspicuous in winter, as it has long been the Queen's custom to give new red cloaks to the village girls at Christmas.

Cordial Hospitality.

One or other of the local clergy is generally invited to dine at Sandringham on Sunday evening, and a preacher from a distance is invariably entertained by their Majesties. The Queen has, throughout the years, been hostess to the most noted divines of the times, and many of these, like Stanley, Wilberforce, and Kingsley, have recorded their impressions of her simple Christian faith.

Interested in Mr. Spurgeon's Work.

It may not, however, be quite so well known that the Queen, as Princess of Wales, took a great interest in Mr. Spurgeon and his work at the Metropolitan Tabernacle. Shortly after coming to the country she drove, with Queen Victoria, one afternoon, to see the Tabernacle, and the roads in the neighborhood being in process of repair, the Royal carriage had to make its way through the obvious side streets, and its unbroken for appearance created some stir amongst the inhabitants.—Sarah A. Tooley, in the Christian Endeavor World.

A hard heart is apt to be brittle.

Where thy duties are—should be thy home.

The dove of peace comes in response to prayer.

The religion that does not reach character does not rise with Christ.



Buckingham Palace, King Edward's London Home.

A RIFT IN THE FOG.

AN INTERESTING SKETCH OF AN INCIDENT TYPICAL OF MANY.

Y pretty one ! My Bebe ! That you and I should have come to this ! Knownest thou the short art without a home, Mignonne ? That thou hast no father to hold thee in his arms and look into the dark shadows of thine eyes ? Shut away is he within their cruel walls, Bebe—walls as cruel and hard as the cold English themselves, who are born without fire in their veins.

"There, little one, hide closer—it is cold—cold—cold—and around thee and thy mother is wrapped a cloak—a mantle of the cold, dark, whirling cloud of thickness, and sulphur and gloom, in which we are lost—choked—chilled almost to death. Out ! It is as though the spirits of a thousand slanders, of a thousand treacheries and injustices, of a thousand dark schemes of prison and death had risen, had risen to-night and breathed one mighty breath over this grim city and the city shivered and trembled in that thick gloom. Oh, Bebe, Bebe ! to what have we come ?

"Mignonne, didst thou remember thine old home in the land of the happy sun ? Is thy dark eyes a far-past look : art thou dreaming of the long summer of the South—of the skies of blue, of

The Silver Gleam

of lakes amid the mountains—of the glowing sunset and nights of peace ? Oh, Bebe, but my heart breaks to be back !

"How blissful were the days before thy father gave himself to that wicked crew who gambled away that pretty home, who led him to stake—and lose his epitome name to fill their purses, and to save what they called the honor of their club. Was it honor to break the happiness of our home, to shatter our dreams, to force us away to this cold land of sorrow, and death, and loneliness ? What then ? I am weeping together ? And, oh, petite, I am so lonely, despite even thee !

None but thou will understand my speech, and thou hast no tongue but to babble pretty nothings to thy mother ! They stare and laugh, and shake their heads, and pass on, and I cannot even find the prison where they have shut away thy father, Bebe. If we could but find that, and lie down beneath the shadow of its walls, we might not find the world so wild and cold.

"Ah ! thou didst weep last night, Mignonne, when the gendarme turned upon us his hull's-eye, and bade us up and away. 'Whither ?' I asked him, and he said,

Home ! Home !

Thou and I have no home—not even a shelter, not a door-step where they will let us sit the long night through. Thou shalt not be frightened again, my little shy bird : we have walked and walked all day, and we will walk until the morning comes again.

"If I can only hold up so long, Bebe, all will go well, but this fog blinds me ; I am dizzy and sick—faint, perhaps, for yesterday's dinner I had not—and choked, suffocated, and paralyzed. Sinter not, pretty one ! Thy mother will not drop thee while there is life in her arms to hold. Just a moment and we will rest here in this arch, and then, on again, and on. Helas ! but thou art in the very death ; my head splits, and the solid earth seems to spin like a top. Bebe, I am faint. It may be that we shall last. We here and freeze, and he found in the morning stiff, and cold, and dead.

Aye, stretch thy little limbs, Mignonne ; hold them to the warmth—so ! Thou art smiling, and thou mayst well smile, for there are hearts in this cold city, and the hearts have opened doors of love to theard to thy mother. Muik !—what more ? It brings the tint of

A Blush Rose

to thy cheeks ; but thou art surely become greedy—it is a wretched pain thou hast taken ! There lie closer to the warm blanket they have wrapped thee in ; there are hours of cosy sleep

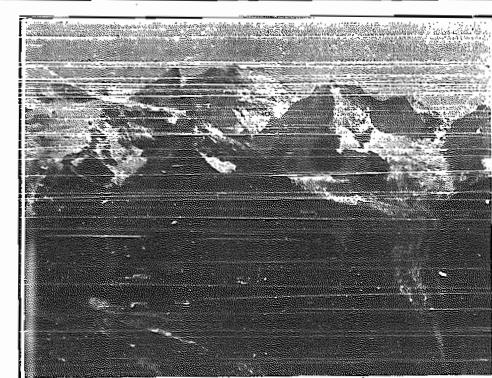
for thee, and thy mother lies near with a warm place in her heart in which you have planted the sweet flower of hope.

"Bebe, thy father used to tell me there was no God, nor any who cared for the creatures who trod the wide earth ; but these people say it was their God of love who sent them to find us as we froze in the arch ; that he knew and cared, and bade the gendarme wake and march us forth. It seemed cruel and hard the night so cold, and the fog so thick, and I scarce had time to hear his words as he pushed me toward the stone street, and bade me seek a lamp and oil.

"It was murkier than ever down there, Bebe. As I stumbled on, I thought of the river, and how one plunge would bring eternal forgetfulness to thee and me, and then there came a rift in the fog, and I saw the lamp that told of 'Shelter,' and I rang for help. It is almost a dream, little one, but there came light, and fire, and strong arms, and a voice that spoke sweetly of welcome. It all faded away for a little while, but I walked to find them nursing you, Mignonne—kind women and true are they—and one held me on her arm, and poured warm soup through my lips, and

Chirped to Me

to look up and take heart again.



Mts. Fox and Dawson, and the Donkin Glacier, B.C.

"It was they who put us snugly here to bed, petite, and one knelt down near me while I told her of your father and our search for him, and she promised that they would find the arch and take a message from me to his very—very—home. Better than that—listen, pretty one !—these women of the Army of Salvation told me where I should find a home for thee and me, and in the heart of a beautiful future they will bring thy father to us again, and will find him the means to keep us three in a happy home again.

"Oh, Bebe, Bebe, thy little eyes are closing, and thou dost not listen ! But, I tell thee, there must be a God, or there would not be so much love—"—From "Friends of the Poor."

ONLY WAIT.

By LIEUT. R. GREAVETT.

A short time ago, while in a Salvation Army meeting, I heard a beautiful song, "Only Wait." While listening to the words they seemed to strike my heart, and I thought to myself, "Only two words, yet how much they mean to many of us who are following in the steps of the Saviour." How often we have felt that our cross has been too heavy, and our pathway has been so dark it has almost hid the Saviour's face, and we felt we were alone. Then like a sunbeam the

gentle whisper comes to us in just two words, "Only wait."

The words make things seem brighter, and our cross grows lighter, and Jesus seems nearer. Only wait, and we shall see him who died for us, only wait, and we shall see him who lives for us. Only wait and we shall lay down the cross and take up the crown. Only wait, and no more sorrow, or temptation, or dark hours will come to us. Only wait, and all will be bright. For a month ? No. For a year ? No. For eternity ? Yes, praise God !

It is not worth waiting for, dear reader, if my fancy I hear many say, "Yes, it is."

A few weeks ago I stood at the bedside of a comrade whom God had seen fit to call to His home on high. It seemed almost impossible to comfort the weeping children who gathered around her coffin. Yet I think if that dear mother could have spoken she would have spoken those two beautiful words, "Only wait"—she shall soon see you again. Why should we mourn over trifles when darkness and temptation come ? Only wait, and all will be over, we shall see our blessed Redeemer, and receive a crown of everlasting life.

The words "Only wait" have been a great blessing to me, and I feel I must write these few words. If anyone who reads these simple lines feels sad, and weary, and almost like giving up, think of the words, "Only wait."

Strait running makes better speed than the swiftest circling.

stances, to sell the mill, The King immediately wrote, with his own hand, the following reply :—"My dear neighbor, I cannot allow you to sell the mill ; it must remain in your posses- sion as long as one member of your family remains." For better or worse, to the history of Prussia, I leave, however, to learn that you are in circumstances of embarrassment, and therefore send you \$6,000 to arrange your affairs, in the hope that this sum will be sufficient for the purpose. Consider me always your affectionate neighbor, Frederick William."

Gems of Thought.

From Private Letters of the Great Composer, Charles Gounod.

We are not in this world to do what we wish, but to be willing to do that which is our duty to do.

The further we advance in this life, the more intimately do we become acquainted with the liberty of never being

Alas ! the more time is full the faster it flies ; it is only when time is unoccupied that it hangs long and heavily on one's hands.

Friendship and music, at one and the same time, form a small part of that state of bliss which will consist of the "simultaneity of all joys."

I have finished my course, and the only thing that remains to be done is for me to lay down my arms. I have fought a good fight with all my heart, and with all my soul. The rest will be in the world to come.

If we were sufficiently advanced to feel ourselves near to one another in body, at the very moment that our thoughts rush together, there would be hardly any more heart-rending separations in this world. Alas ! it seems that we do not yet deserve to attain such heights.

I believe that our modern society is dying from this cause. Agitation takes the place of activity, that is the truth of the matter ; feverishness has replaced life ; it is against feverishness that we must wage war, unless we wish to destroy us. And this fever is everywhere and in everything.

Truth has always the last word, even in this world or after we leave it. I await it therefore with confidence, even though it may be that it follows the trial will help me to bring it to light, and I do not worry as to how it will come about ; this is the secret of the Most High, unto which we have neither the right nor the need to penetrate.

Nothing that is really good can be suppressed, everything is added on. With affection it is the same as with the masterpieces of great artists, the remembrance of the one never makes us forget the others. And I know of nothing more delightful than to be able to speak of those one loves with those whom one loves, as if they were all members of the one family of the heart.

I Have Christ, What Want I More ?

BY SERGT.-MAJOR MRS. BABCOCK.

In the heart of London city,
Mild the dwellings of the poor,
These bright, golden words were uttered.

"I have Christ, what want I more ?"
By a lonely, dying widow,
Stretched upon a garret floor ;
Having not one earthly comfort—

"I have Christ, what want I more ?"
But her words will live for ever.
I repeat them o'er and o'er.

God delights to hear me saying,
"I have Christ, what want I more ?"
Oh, that all who read this story,

Though by cares are tried and sore,
They might say, with deep thanks—

giving,
"I have Christ, what want I more ?"



The East to Run Things—Nigger Not so Well as Usual—Lieut. Currell Not Defeated Yet—Rise Newfound—Where's Skagway?

I guess I'll let the East run things for a while longer. They seem to be able to do the job.

Poor, deplased Nigger! When will he earn a more glorious cognomen? (For the meaning of this word, see Webster's 5 o'clock special.)

Ha, ha! Lieut. Currell is in her accustomed place. She just merely dropped a few last week to encourage others, perhaps. Does Mrs. Dowell, of Halifax, intend to try conclusions with the Hamilton champion?

Well done, Newfoundland! You're worthy of better things, I know, and it's yourselves who ought to shine.

The Cadets are not affected by the climatic changes. The list looks good this week. Cadets Jones and Darch are evidently "striving for the masters."

The champion Hustlers are Lieut. Currell (250), Mrs. Dowell (300), Capt. Hockin (233), Lieut. March (220).

We miss the familiar Skagway names this week, and don't feel quite as cheerful as usual.

Eastern Province.

133 Hustlers.

Mrs. Adjt. Dowell, Halifax I. 360
Lieut. Currell, St. John I. 220
Lieut. Moore, Sydney 190
Sergt. Lidstone, Glace Bay 175
Ensign Thompson, Westville 150
S.M. Veinot, Halifax II. 150
S.M. Caslin, Halifax I. 115
Lieut. Newell, Eastport 110
Mrs. Adjt. Crichton, Charlottetown 104
Jennie McQueen, Moncton 100
Sergt. Flood, Hamilton 100
Capt. McFadden, New Glasgow 96
Capt. Davis, Sussex 50
Lieut. Bruce, Annapolis 85
M. Stevenson, Calais 85
Lieut. Heikie, Springfield 85
Capt. White, Galt 85
Capt. Jones, Charlottetown 83
Capt. Jones, Charlotte 82
Lieut. Holden, Newcastle 79
Capt. Prince, St. George's 75
Adjt. Wiggin, New Glasgow 75
Lieut. H. White, North Sydney 75
Capt. Martin, Fredericton 75
Capt. Armstrong, Truro 70
P. S. M. Lovell, Parrsboro 70
Sergt. Robinson, Amherst 70
Bro. Reid, St. John 68
Mrs. Adjt. Veinot, New Glasgow 68
Capt. Smith, Moncton 65
Capt. Murdoch, Hillsboro 60
Sergt. Gibbons, St. George's 60
Lieut. Parsons, Charlottetown 60
Capt. McLeod, Somerset 60
Lieut. Richards, Clark's Harbor 60
P. S. M. Larder, Windsor 59
Ensign Wilson, Carleton 58
Lieut. Legge, Woodstock 58
Capt. Murchison, Liverpool 55
Lieut. Clark, Liverpool 55
Capt. Lorimer, North Sydney 54
E. Peacock, St. George's 50
Capt. G. Smith, St. John 50
Sergt. Gregory, Fredericton 50
Adjt. Byers, Moncton 50
Sergt. Armstrong, St. John III. 50
Capt. Hudson, St. John II. 50
Jennie Smith, Windsor 50
Capt. Long, Windsor 50
Mrs. Ensign Thompson, Louisburg 50
Capt. Nettling, Somerset 48
Lieut. Ritchie, Bear River 45
Lieut. Nugent, Carleton 45
Capt. Wyat, Kentville 42

Lieut. Ginnivan, Kentville 45
Sergt. Jennings, St. George's 45
Capt. Mercer, Campbellton 45
D. Smith, Campbellton 45
May Turner, St. John V. 45
Ensign Bowering, Woodstock 45
Lieut. Cavendar, Truro 45
Ensign Knight, St. John III. 45
Mrs. Ensign Carter, Dartmouth 45
Lieut. Fawson, New Glasgow 45
Sergt. Cossett, Sydney 45
Capt. Tiller, Sydney Mines 45
Lieut. Tiller, Sydney Mines 45
Sergt. Place, Hamilton 45
Lieut. B. Bruce, Bridgewater 45
Lieut. Murose, Hamilton 45
Sergt. Virgil, Southampton 45
Capt. Green, St. Stephen 45
Lieut. Riley, St. Stephen 45
Ensign Carter, Dartmouth 45
Sergt. Burns, Somerset 45
P. S. M. Worth, Charlottetown 45
Capt. Bell, Freeport 45
Sergt. Beatty, Fredericton 45
Sergt. Ross, Fredericton 45
Ensign Mrs. Williams, Fredericton 45
Capt. Pender, Fredericton 45
Capt. Lamont, St. John V. 45
Lieut. Ogilvie, St. John V. 45
Capt. Ebasy, Digby 45
Mrs. Marshall, Digby 45
Maggie McKay, Halifax II. 45
Ray Jarvis, Halifax II. 45
Sergt. McDow, Dartmouth 45
Lieut. Harding, Stellarton 45
Lieut. Conrad, Stellarton 45
Lieut. Elliott, Sydney Mines 45
Capt. Chandler, Camping 45
Cadet Chislett, Camping 45
Sergt. Major, Morrissey, Glace Bay 45
Capt. Dingle, Glace Bay 45
Lieut. St. John, Glace Bay 45
Mrs. Douglas, Calais 45
Lieut. Yeo, Halifax I. 45
Sergt. Brewer, Halifax I. 45
Sergt. England, Chatham 45
Lieut. McKim, Halifax II. 45
Capt. Smith, Hamilton 45
Sergt. Lodge, Hamilton 45
P. S. M. Jefferson, Annapolis 45
Sister Pelly, Chatham 45
Capt. Petts, Springfield 45
Sergt. Semple, Fredericton 45
C.C. Gordon, Fredericton 45
Sister Anna Osborne, Fredericton 45
Lillian Young, Lunenburg 45
Florence Martin, Truro 45
Mrs. Ensign Cooper, Springhill! 45
S.M. Kent, Bear River 45
Sister Weir, Digby 45
Mrs. Ensign Knight, St. John III. 45
Capt. McEacher, St. John III. 45
Lieut. DeBov, St. John II. 45
Capt. Richardson, North Head 45
Lieut. Weir, North Head 45

West Ontario Province.

92 Hustlers.

Capt. Hockin, London 80
Ensign Hoddinott, Ingersoll 80
Minnie Schuster, Berlin 80
Ensign Crawford, Stratford 80
Lieut. West, Chatham 80
Capt. Carr, Sarnia 80
Ensign Slope, Woodstock 80
Hert Thompson, Wallaceburg 80
Capt. McEacher, Brantford 80
Lieut. Anderson, Tilsonburg 80
Adjt. Scott, Sarnia 80
Mrs. Gooding, Galt 80
Mrs. Capt. Burton, Galt 80
Lieut. Hinsley, Sarnia 80
Lieut. Crafts, Goderich 80
S.M. McDougal, Goderich 80
Mrs. Major Cooper, Brantford 80
Lieut. McCall, Bothwell 80
S.M. Brydon, Windsor 80
Ensign Halev, St. Thomas 80
Lieut. Ellis, Ridgeview 80
S.M. Mrs. McEacher, Lorne 80
Capt. McQueen, Petrolia 80
Capt. Dowell, Palmerston 80
Capt. Sitzer, Stratford 80
Sister Howlett, Hespeler 80
Sister Richards, Guelph 80
Capt. Rock, Seaford 80
Alice Ebasy, Windsor 80
Rhoda Keefer, Windsor 80
Adjt. Cameron, Guelph 80
Capt. Jordison, Drayton 80
Capt. Coy, Leamington 80
Capt. Clegg, Fonthill 80
Capt. Yeomans, Wingham 80
Hannah Burns, Dresden 80
Capt. White, Ridgeway 80
Capt. Kitchen, Paris 80
Lieut. Yeomans, Paris 80
Mrs. Hockin, St. Thomas 80
Mrs. McRoy, St. Thomas 80
Ensign Jarvis, Essex 80
Lieut. Munro, Blenheim 80
Ensign Howcroft, Wingham 80
Mrs. Adjt. Coombs, Petrolia 80
Mary Wilson, Simcoe 80
Lieut. Stichell, Simcoe 80
Lieut. Allard, Watford 80
Capt. Wood, Watford 80
Mery Schuster, Berlin 80
Mrs. Mrs. Ingerson 80
Sister Garrod, Blenheim 80
Mrs. Ensign Slope, Woodstock 80
Capt. Rock, Seaforth 80
Lieut. Christner, Petrolia 80
Ross Ellis, Dresden 80
Dad Christner, Dresden 80
Capt. Crawford, St. Thomas 80
Mrs. Dickson, St. Thomas 80
Lieut. Martin, Berlin 80
Capt. Coy, Leamington 80
Sister Gledhill, London 80
Capt. Fife, Stratford 80
Lieut. Close, Stratford 80
Mother Broadwell, Kingsville 80
Ensign Hellman, Goderich 80
Capt. Bonny, Listowel 80
Maisy Smith, Tillicum 80
Lieut. Cook, Theford 80
Lieut. Webber, London 80
Capt. Pickle, Theford 80
Mrs. Knapp, Ingerson 80
S.M. Graham, Thamey!!! 80
Siv. Musgrave, Wroxeter 80
Pearl Hardacre, Chatham 80

Reggie Rowe, Brantford 45
Fred Palmer, London 45
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Adjt. Combs, Petrolia 45
Capt. Williams, Clinton 45
Mrs. Adjt. Cameron, Guelph 45
Mrs. Bryson, Petrolia 45
Mrs. Linusay, Stratford 45
Mrs. Capt. Dowell, Palmerston 45
C.C. Verna Craft, Chatham 45
Capt. Mrs. Mrs. Clinton 45
Sister Cutting, Essex 45
Capt. Yeomans, Wingham 45
Hannah Burns, Dresden 45
Capt. White, Ridgeway 45
Capt. Kitchen, Paris 45
Lieut. Yeomans, Paris 45
Mrs. Hockin, St. Thomas 45
Mrs. McRoy, St. Thomas 45
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Hannah Burns, Dresden 45
Capt. White, Ridgeway 45
Capt. Kitchen, Paris 4



Original Songs



SONGS COMPOSED BY ENSIGN G. P. THOMPSON, WESTVILLE.

Tune.—Oh, Beulah Land (B.J. 169).

There is a Saviour up on high.
Who did not shrink to bleed andDie bore the cross for you and me,
That we might be from sin set free.

Chorus.

He'll make you clean,
He'll make you clean,
And help you conquer every sin,
Your heart He'll take and make His
own.

If you will live for Him alone;

Then he in haste to do His will,

And tread the way up Zion's Hill.

Just now He intercedes for us,
And pleads our cause among the just.

That we, poor sin-bound slaves, might

be

Happy through all eternity.

There is a great day coming on,

When we shall have to stand alone.

And hear the Judge pronounce our

doom,

"Come in, ye blest," or "There's no

room!"

Tune.—I'm happy (B.B. 179).

There never was a time in all my
life,But what I'd like to end all sin
and strife;

And when I tried, in weakness of my

own

The devil came in like a flood and up-

set the whole.

Chorus.

Now I'm happy, I'm happy,
I've joined the great S. A.

And there I mean to work and fight,

And peg away.

There never was a love like Jesus'

love,

It fills all earth and fills all heaven

above:

So when I came, determined to be His,

He rolled the burden from my heart

and gave me peace.

There never was a sinner down so

deep,

But what the Lord is willing now to

meet;

If you will come and lay your burden

down,

I'm sure the Lord will take you in

without a frown.

Tune.—Hold the fort; or, Sinners,
whither will you wander? (New
B.B. 131).3 In the Army we are fighting.
Fighting for the King;
We can feel His arms around us.
We His praises sing.

Chorus.

Go ahead, Salvation soldiers,
Never daunted be;Let us still keep marching forward.
March to victory.We have Jesus for our Captain,
In the battle's din;
He will help us when we're faltering,
We are sure to win.Hallelujah! What a greeting
In that house of light.
When the gates of God are landed.
Conquerors in the fight.Tune.—Nancy Gray; or, Washing
many more (B.J. 10).4 There's a palace waiting yonder,
Where a pure in heart shall
dwell,
For sin and evil never enter there;
All are holy; all are joyful.
There's no fear of death and hell,
All its occupants a glorious crown
shall wear.300 Chorus.
Death is coming.All who slight the Saviour's mercy
In this world below;When their life on earth is ended,
Down to hell must go.Sinner, turn to Jesus quickly,
He'll forgive your sin;
Run to Him with all your burden,
He will take you in.Then in life you will be happy,
Death will have no sting;
Heaven's gate will widely open.
You'll be welcomed in.

COMING EVENTS.

THE COMMISSIONER,

Accompanied by the
RED KNIGHTS OF THE
CROSS.

and

THE TRAINING HOME STAFF AND
CADETS,

will visit

Lisgar Street, Sunday,
June 29th, 3 and 7 p.m.

MISS BOOTH.

Will also Commission Twenty Cadets
for the Field in
THE TEMPLE, Monday, June 30,
at 8 o'clock.

Entire Headquarters Staff will assist.

COL. and MRS. JACOBS,

will visit

Glace Bay, Sat. and Sun., June 26, 29,
Louisburg, Monday, June 30.
Sydney, Tuesday, July 1.
New Glasgow, Wednesday, July 2.
Halifax, Thursday, July 3.
Windsor, Friday, July 4.
Yarmouth, Sat. and Sun., July 5, 6.

Red Hot Revivalists.

BRIGADIER PUGMIRE
Assisted by Staff-Capt. Manton.
Will visit Feversham (Camp Meel-
inga), July 12 to 28.

Spiritual Specials.

STAFF-CAPT. BURDITT,
Assisted by Capt. Urquhart,
will visitKingston, Thursday, June 19, to Tues-
day, July 1.
Campbellford, Thursday, July 3, to
Tuesday, July 15.

Central Ontario Province.

BRIGADIER PICKERING
Will visit Little Current, June
28, 29, 30; Sault Ste. Marie, July 3.HAND-SELL RINGERS.
Will visit Little Current, June 28, 29;
Sault Ste. Marie, July 3.

West Ontario Province.

OLD-TIME CAMP MEETINGS
led by
MAJOR MC MILLAN,
assisted byStaff-Captain Rawling, Adj't. and Mrs.
Orenhard, and Others.Woodstock, July 5 to 14. inclusive.
Others to follow.

T. F. S. Appointments.

Adj't. Perry—Midland, June 29;
Orillia, June 30, July 1; Barrie,
July 2; Simcoe, July 3; Newmarket,
July 4, 5, 6; Ancaster, July 7.Captain Poole—St. Johnsbury,
June 28, 29, 30; Newmarket, July 1;
Sherbrooke, July 1, 2; Quebec, July 2;4; Montreal, July 6; Ottawa, July
3, 9; Amherst, July 10, 11; Fontham,
July 12, 13; Renfrew, July 14; Peter-
boro, July 15; Tweed, July 16; Peter-
boro, July 17.Ensign Piercy—Louisburg, June 30;
July 1; Dominon, July 2.FRIENDS and Soldiers having money to invest are
asked to loan same to the Salvation Army Fund, and the additional
funds will be used for the benefit of the work of God. Our
public the amount of our funds offering you A

Bragginton Jno. M. C. Horn, Financial Secretary.



One Step's Enough for Me.

(A Secular Air.)

The children in the wilderness
No bank account could store;
God sent enough each day to bless.
And never any more.Who would be sad because he had
No Jesus to depend?Who would not raise a song of praise
For such a faithful Friend?

Chorus.

Sinner, will you die?
Sinner, will you die?
Jesus now is asking,
What will you reply?Oh, the joys of heaven
To each sinner given,
They will remember Jesus died for
them;All their sins confessing,
They can claim the blessing,
There is perfect freedom 'neath the
cleaning tide.He will satisfy you,
With His love fill you,
Make your heart a heaven, save you
from your woes;You need never fear
When you gain His favor,
And when life is ended, to Him you
will go.Tune.—Death is coming (B.J. 230):
Please me not, I loving Saviour (B.
J. 14); or, Joy without alloy (B.J.
94).6 Oh, the awful Judgment Morning,
Soon is drawing near;
Will you on that day be ready,
Or full of fear?

Chorus.

Death is coming.

All who slight the Saviour's mercy
In this world below;
When their life on earth is ended,
Down to hell must go.